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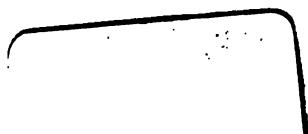
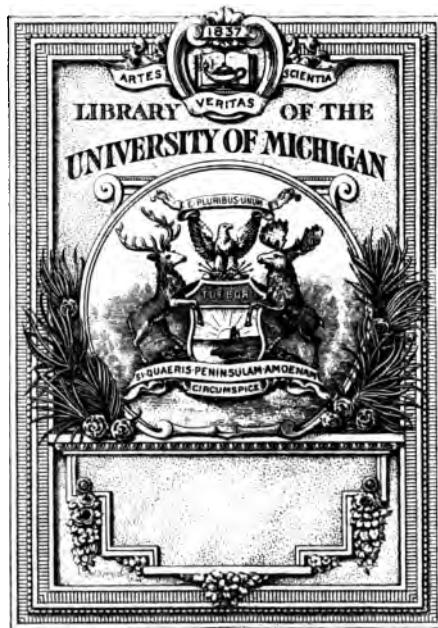
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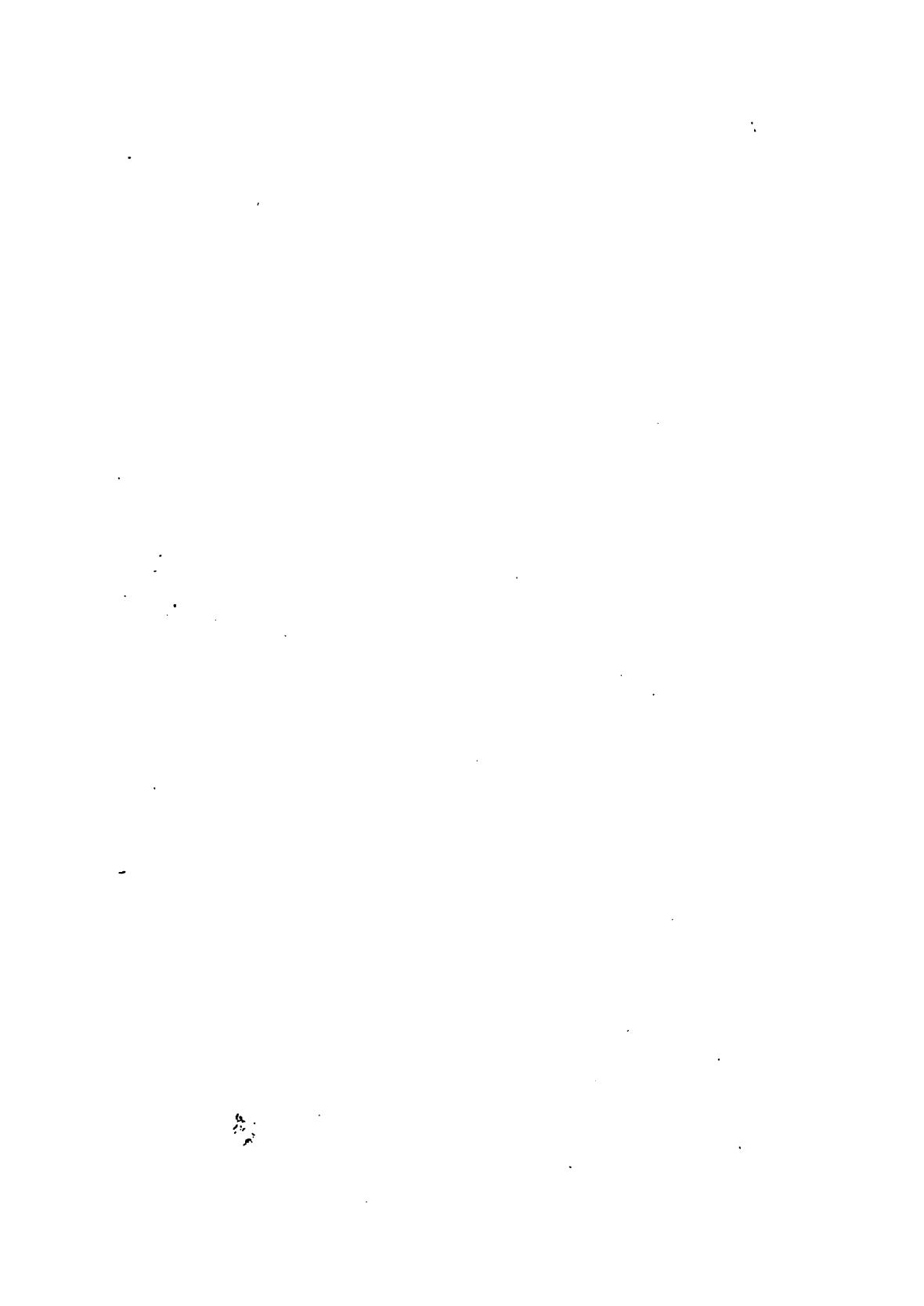
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GEN. JAMES A. GARFIELD.

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GEN. GARFIELD'S FORMER RESIDENCE AT HIRAM, OHIO.



MRS. JAMES A. GARFIELD.



MARY.

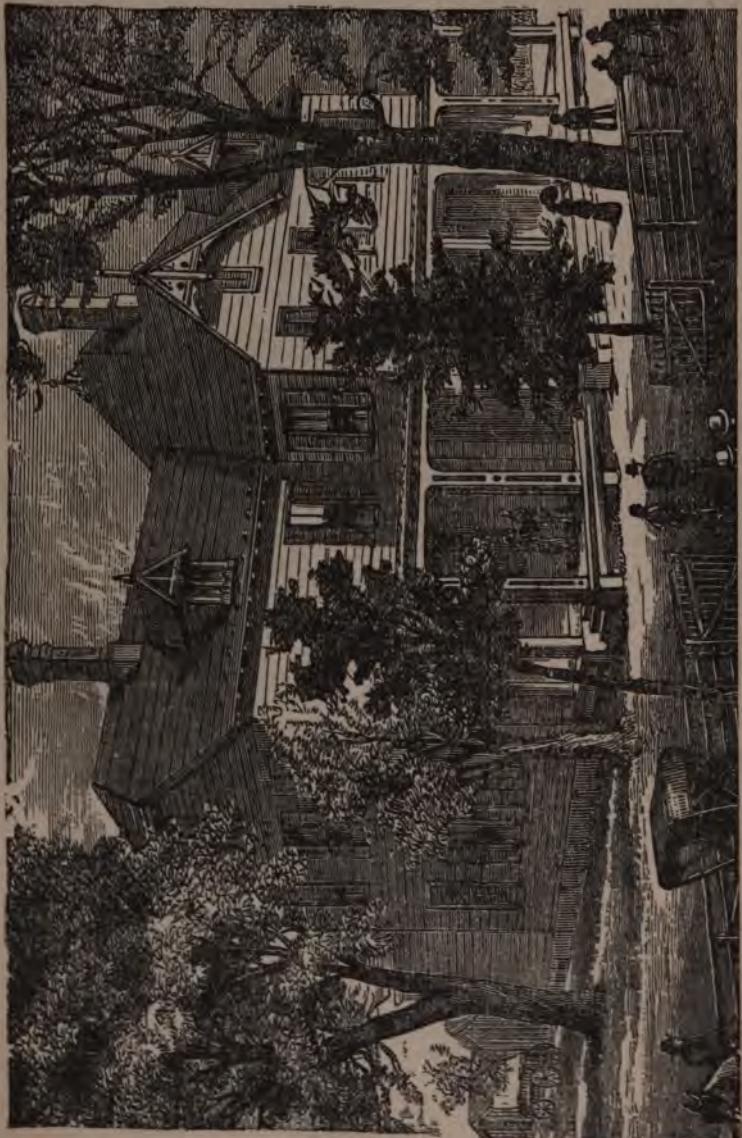
JAMES.

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GENERAL GARFIELD'S CHILDREN.



GEN. GARFIELD'S RESIDENCE AT MENTOR, OHIO.

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STORIES

AND

SKETCHES

OF



GEN. GARFIELD,

INCLUDING HIS EARLY HISTORY, WAR RECORD, PUBLIC
SPEECHES, NOMINATION, AND ALL THE INTERESTING
FACTS OF HIS GREAT CAREER FROM THE FARM
BOY TO HIS CANDIDACY FOR PRESIDENT.

James B. McClure
EDITED BY
J. B. McCLURE,

Compiler of "Moody's Anecdotes;" "Moody's Child Stories;" "Edison and His Inventions;" "Lincoln's Stories;" "Mistakes of Ingersoll;" "Stories and Sketches of Gen. Grant;" "Entertaining Anecdotes;" "Replies to Ingersoll on Thomas Paine;" "Stories and Sketches of Chicago," Etc.

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CHICAGO.



We present in this volume an authentic and exceedingly interesting outline of Gen. Garfield's life, carefully prepared from all available sources. No one, young or old, can read these stories and sketches of the farmer boy, wood-chopper, canal-driver, school-boy, carpenter, teacher, college president, soldier, congressman, and Presidential candidate, without being deeply interested and benefitted. In this form, with its wide field for usefulness, the book is dedicated to the public.

CHICAGO, June 21, 1880.

J. B. MCCLURE.

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"The man who wants to serve his country must put himself in the line of its leading thought, and that is the restoration of business, trade, commerce, industry, sound political economy, hard money, and the honest payment of all obligations, and the man who can add anything in the direction of accomplishing any of these purposes is a public benefactor."—(*Garfield in Congress, Dec. 10, 1878.*)

STORIES AND SKETCHES —OF— **General Garfield.** — HOME LIFE.

Boyhood of Gen. Garfield—The Farmer Boy—On the Tow-path—A Tough Time—Good Health and Indomitable Energy Triumphant.

Gen. James Abraham Garfield, the farmer boy, canal boatman, carpenter, school teacher, college professor, preacher, soldier, congressman, the popular candidate of the Republican party for Presidential honors, was born in the township of Orange, Cuyahoga County, Ohio, fifteen miles from Cleveland, on the 19th of November, 1831. His father, Abraham Garfield, was born in Otsego County, New York, and was of a family that had resided in Massachusetts for several generations. His mother, Eliza Ballou, niece of the Rev. Hosea Ballou, the noted Universalist clergyman, was born in Cheshire County, New Hampshire. The General is, therefore, of New England stock.

James was the youngest son of four children. The father died in 1833, leaving the family dependent upon a

small farm and the exertions of the mother. There was nothing about the elder Garfield to distinguish him from the other plodding farmers of the rather sterile township of Orange. No one could discern any qualities in him, which, transmitted to the next generation, might help to make a statesman, unless it was industry; but his wife, who is still living at an advanced age, was always fond of reading when she could get leisure from her hard household duties, and was a thoroughly capable woman, of strong will, stern principles, and more than average force of character.

Of the children, no one besides James has made the slightest mark in the world. The older brother is a farmer in Michigan, and the two sisters are farmers' wives.

The General had a tough time of it when a boy. He toiled hard on the farm early and late in summer, and worked at the carpenter's bench in winter. The best of it was he liked work. There was not a lazy hair on his head.

He had an absorbing ambition to get an education, and the only road opened to this end seemed that of manual labor. Ready money was hard to get in those days.

The Ohio Canal ran not far from where he lived, and, finding that the boatmen got their pay in cash, and earned better wages than he could at farming or carpentry, he hired out as a driver on the tow-path, and soon got up to the dignity of holding the helm of a boat. Then he determined to ship as a sailor on the lakes, but an attack of fever and ague interfered with his plans.

He was ill three months, and when he recovered he decided to go to a school called Geauga Academy, in an adjoining county. His mother had saved a small sum of money, which she gave him, together with a few cooking utensils and a sack of provisions. He hired a small room and cooked his own food to make his expenses as light as

possible. He paid his own way after that, never calling on his mother for any more assistance.

By working at the carpenter's bench mornings and evenings and vacation times, and teaching country schools during the winter he managed to attend the academy during the spring and fall terms, and to save a little money toward going to college. He had excellent health, a robust frame, and a capital memory, and the attempt to combine mental and physical work, which has broken down many farmer boys ambitions to get an education, did not hurt him.

**Gen. Garfield as a Wood-Chopper—He Contracts to Put Up Twenty-five Cords
—His Visit to Cleveland Harbor, and Laughable
Interview with the "The Captain."**

The friends and early companions of the General relate wonderful stories of his precocity, telling how he could read at 3 years, and possessed remarkable capacity for committing to memory what he had read, so that at the age when boys usually learn their letters he was somewhat advanced in literature. During all the years of boyhood he simply worked and attended school, and grew strong and hearty, until, at the age of sixteen, he was fully capable of doing a strong man's work on the farm. In the spring of this year he went to the Township of Newburg, now in the limits of Cleveland, to chop cordwood.

He took a job of putting up twenty-five cords, and manfully did he set himself in his solitude to his task. To the north of him, as he worked, was the lake in slatey blue. There, in miniature, was the ocean of which he had so long dreamed. Everything had to be won by little. The ocean was a great way off. He could not early reach it. He would begin his life of a sailor on the lake, and then seek a

wider range upon the "ocean blue." The work of wood-chopping was vigorously prosecuted, and time flew with great rapidity.

He felt that the pay for wood-chopping was hardly sufficient for a start, and so he hired out to a Mr. Treat, during the haying and harvesting season, but he still dreamed on. When this job was finished he went home to his mother and announced his intentions. She knew well that it was useless to oppose him, now that he had really set his heart upon it, and so, in the midst of prayer and God-blessings, he departed.

He visited the harbor in Cleveland. Here he found a single vessel about to depart for a trip up the lakes. In all his dreams he had never seen a Captain except as a sort of mixture of angel and dashing military officer in blue coat and brass buttons. He went on board this vessel and inquired for the Captain. He was told, with a smile, by one of the men, that the Captain would come up from the hold in a few minutes. He had not long to wait. Presently a drunken wretch, brutal in every feature, came up, swearing at every step.

"There is the Captain," said one of the men.

The country lad stepped forward and modestly asked if a hand was wanted.

Turning upon the youth, the brute poured a volley of pent-up curses and oaths, and made no other answer.

The poor awkward boy was for a moment amazed, and then, turning away, walked about to recover himself. He was by no means cured of his longing for the sea; he had too strong a will for that, and this had taken too strong a hold upon him. Revolving the matter in his mind, he came to the conclusion that he had failed because he lacked some initiatory process. As the lake was to the ocean, so should the canal be to the lake; he would apply at the canal and gain some training there.

Young Garfield Tries the Canal—Thirteen Duckings on the First Trip, and one Fight—The First Victory.

Notwithstanding his poor success with "the Captain," young Garfield determined to persevere, and the very first canal-boat he visited wanted a driver, and he got the place. The General avers that, by actual count, he fell into the canal thirteen times on the first trip. Knowing nothing of the art of swimming, he came very near drowning. He worked faithfully and well, however, and at the end of his first round trip he was promoted from driver to bowsman.

On his first trip to Beaver, in this new capacity, he had his first fight. He was standing on the deck, with the setting pole against his shoulders. Some feet away stood Dave, a great, good-natured boatman, and a firm friend of the young General. The boat gave a lurch, the pole slipped from the youth's shoulder, and flew in the direction of Dave.

"Look out, Dave!" called Garfield; but the pole was there first, and struck Dave a severe blow in the ribs.

Garfield expressed his sorrow, but it was of no use. Dave turned upon the luckless boy with curses, and threatened to thrash him. Garfield knew he was innocent even of carelessness.

The threat of a flogging from a heavy man of 35 roused the hot Garfield blood. Dave rushed upon him with his head down, like an enraged bull. As he came on, Garfield sprang one side and dealt him a powerful blow just back of and under the left ear. Dave went to the bottom of the boat with his head between two beams, and his now heated foe went after him, seized him by the throat, and lifted the same clenched hand for another blow.

"Pound the blamed fool to death, Jim," called the appreciative Captain. "If he haint no more sense to get mad at accidents he orto die;" and, as the youth hesitated, "Why don't you strike? Blame me, if I'll interfere."

He could not; the man was down, helpless in his power. Dave expressed regret at his rage. Garfield gave him his hand, and they were better friends than ever.

The victory gave the young man much prestige among the canal men. The idea that a boy could thrash Dave was something that the roughs could not understand.

Off the Tow-Path.—Why Young Garfield Abandoned the Canal.—A Providential Escape that Set Him to Thinking and Sent Him Home.

The General says that two causes were instrumental in causing him finally to abandon the canal. One was his mother, and the other was the ague cake in his side.

He had worked but a short time when he began to feel the ague in his system, and finally it assumed a very serious form.

His money fell into the water, and the thorough wetting which followed increased his disease, and finally one especially heavy fall left him to reason quite fully over the matter. It was night, and in the darkness he grasped for something to draw himself out of the water. As luck would have it he chanced to reach the dry rope of the boat. Hand over hand he grasped the rope, and finally he drew himself up.

He thought of his mother, and how he had left her with the intention of going upon the lake, and how she still believed he was there.

The next day's warm sun dried his clothes, but he was sicker than ever with the chills, and he determined upon reaching Cleveland to go and visit his mother and lay off long enough to get well.

It was after dark when he approached the home of the widow and orphans. Coming quietly near he heard her

voice in prayer within. He bowed and listened as the fervent prayer went on. He heard her pray for him.

When the voice ceased he softly raised the latch and entered. Her prayer was answered. Not till after that time did he know that his going away had crushed her.

A Trying Ordeal—In the Hands of the Doctors—Melting Down an “Ague Cake” with Calomel!—How the Crucible (Young Garfield) Endured It—He is Saved by a Kind Mother.

After the terrible ducking and narrow escape that closed the labors of young Garfield on the canal, he was at once prostrated with the “ague cake,” as the hardness of the left side is popularly called. One of the old school M.D.’s salivated him, and for several awful months he lay on the bed with a board so adjusted as to conduct the flow of saliva from his mouth while the cake was dissolving under the influence of calomel, as the doctor said!

Nothing but the indissoluble constitution given him by his father carried him through. However it fared with that obdurate cake, his passion for the sea survived, and he intended to return to the canal. The wise, sagacious love of the mother won. She took counsel of other helps. During the dreary months with tender watchfulness she cared for him. She trusted in his noble nature; she trusted in good faith that, although he constantly talked of carrying out his old plans, he would abandon them.

Not for years did he know the agony these words cost her. She merely said, in her sweet, quiet way:

‘James, you’re sick. If you return to the canal, I fear you will be taken down again. I have been thinking it over. It seems to me you had better go to school this spring, and then, with a term in the fall, you may be able to teach in the winter. If you can teach winters and want

to go on the canal or lake summers, you will have employment the year round."

Wise woman that she was, in his broken condition it did not seem a bad plan. While he revolved it, she went on:

"Your money is now all gone, but your brother Thomas and I will be able to raise \$17 for you to start to school on, and you can perhaps get along, after that is gone, upon your own resources."

He took the advice and the money,—the only fund ever contributed by others to him either in fitting or passing through college,—and went to The Grange, a seminary at Chester.

In speaking of this longing for the sea, the General said, half regretfully:

"But even now, at times, the old feeling, (the longing for the sea) comes back," and, walking across the room, he turned, with a flashing eye: "I tell you I would rather now command a fleet in a great naval battle than to do anything else on this earth. The sight of a ship often fills me with a strong fascination, and when upon the water, and my fellow-landsmen are in the agonies of sea-sickness, I am as tranquil as when walking the land in the serenest weather."

And so the mother conquered. When a thirst for knowledge was once engendered in the youth, the mother stood in no danger of losing him. But during all those years of education, there were obstacles of great magnitude to be overcome, poverty to be struggled against, and victories to be won.

Garfield's School Days—He Attends a High School—Takes His Frying-pan Along—The Old Old Story of What Grit Will Do.

Up to the time of young Garfield's canal experience he seemed to have cherished little ambition for anything beyond the prospects offered by the laborious life he had entered. But it happened that one of the winter schools was taught by a promising young man named Samuel Bates. He had attended a high school in an adjacent township, known as the "Geauga Seminary," and with the proselyting spirit common to young men in the backwoods, who were beginning to taste the pleasures of education, he was very anxious to take back several new students with him.

Garfield listened to Mr. Bates, and was tempted. He had intended to become a sailor on the lakes, but he was yet too ill to carry out this plan, and so he finally resolved to attend the high school one term, and postpone sailing till the next fall.

That resolution made a scholar, a Major General, a Senator-elect, and a Presidential candidate out of him, instead of a sailor before the mast on a Lake Erie schooner. The boy never dreamed of what the man would be.

Early in March, 1849, young Garfield reached Chester (the site of the Geauga Academy) in company with his cousin and another young man from his village. They carried with them frying-pans and dishes as well as their few school books. They rented a room in an old, unpainted frame house near the academy, and went to work. Garfield bought the second Algebra he had ever seen, and began to study it. English Grammar, Natural Philosophy, and Arithmetic were the list of his studies.

His mother had scraped together a little sum of money to aid him at the start, which she gave him with her blessing when he left his humble home. After that he

never had a dollar in his life that he did not earn. As soon as he began to feel at home in his classes he sought among the carpenters of the village for employment at his trade.

He worked mornings, evenings, and Saturdays, and thus earned enough to pay his way. When the summer vacation came he had a longer interval for work; and so when the fall term opened he had enough money laid up to pay his tuition and give him a start again.

By the end of the fall term Garfield had made such progress that a lad of 18 thought he was able to teach a district school. Then the future seemed easy to him. The fruits of the winter's teaching were enough, with his economical management to pay the expenses of the spring and fall terms at the academy. Whatever he could make at his morning and evening work at his carpenter's trade would go to swell another fund, the need of which he had begun to feel.

For the backwoods lad, village carpenter, tow-path canal hand, would-be sailor, had now resolved to enter college. "It is a great point gained," he said years afterwards, "when, in our hurrying times, a young man makes up his mind to devote several years to the accomplishment of definite work." It was so now in his own case. With a definite purpose before him he began to save all his earnings, and to shape all his exertions to the one end.

Through the summer vacation of 1850 he worked at his trade, helping to build houses within a stone's throw of the academy. During the next session of the academy he was able to abandon boarding himself, having found a boarding house where he found the necessities of life for \$1 per week.

The next winter he taught again, and in the spring removed to Hiram to attend the "Institute" over which he was afterward to preside. So he continued teaching a

term each winter, attending school through spring and fall, and keeping up with his classes by private study during the time he was absent. Before he had left Hiram Institute he was the finest Latin and Greek scholar that the school had ever seen—and at this day he reads and writes the language fluently.

At last, by the summer of 1854, the carpenter and tow-path boy had gone as far as the high school and academies of his native region could carry him. He was now nearly 23 years old. The struggling, hard-working boy had developed into a self-reliant man.

He was the neighborhood wonder for scholarship, and a general favorite for the hearty, genial ways that had never deserted him. He had been brought up in "the Church of the Disciples," as it loved to call itself, of which Alexander Campbell was the great light. At an early age he had followed the example of his parents in connecting himself with this church. His life corresponded with his profession. Everybody believed in and trusted him.

He had saved from his school-teaching and carpenter work about half enough money to carry him through the two years in which he thought he could finish the ordinary college course.

Garfield at College—He Graduates with High Honors—His Personal Appearance at this Period that of a "Newly-Imported Dutchman."

When he was 23 years of age young Garfield concluded he had got about all there was to be had in the obscure cross-roads academy. He calculated that he had saved about half enough money to get through college, provided he could begin, as he hoped, with the Junior year. He was growing old, and he determined that he must go to college that fall.

How to procure the rest of the needed money was a mystery; but at last his good character, and the good will this brought him, solved the question.

He was in vigorous lusty health, and a life insurance policy was easily obtained. This he assigned to a gentleman who thereupon loaned him what money was needed, knowing that if he lived he would pay it, and if he died the policy would secure it.

Pecuniary difficulties thus disposed of, he was ready to start. But where? He had originally intended to attend Bethany College, the institution sustained by the church of which he was a member, and presided over by Alexander Campbell, the man above all others whom he had been taught to admire and revere. But as study and experience had enlarged his vision, he had come to see that there were better institutions outside the limits of his peculiar sect.

So in the fall of 1854 the pupil of Geauga Seminary and the Hiram Institute applied for admission at the venerable doors of Williams College. He knew no graduate of the college and no student attending it; and of the President he only knew that he had published a volume of lectures which he liked, and that he had written a kindly word to him when he spoke of coming.

The Western carpenter and village school-teacher received many a shock in the new sphere he had now entered. On every hand he was made to feel the social superiority of his fellow-students. Their ways were free from the awkward habits of the untrained laboring youth. Their speech was free from the uncouth phrases of the provincial circles in which he moved. Their toilets made the handiwork of his village tailor sadly shabby. Their free-handed expenditures contrasted strikingly with his enforced parsimony. To some tough-fibred hearts these would have been only petty annoyances. To the warm, social, generous mind of

young Garfield they seem, from more than one indication of his college life that we can gather, to have been a source of positive anguish.

But he bore bravely up, maintained the advance standing in the junior class to which he had been admitted on his arrival, and at the end of his two years' course (in 1856) bore off the metaphysical honor of his class—reckoned at Williams among the highest within the gift of the institution to her graduating members.

But now, on his return to his home, the young man who had gone so far East as to old Williams, and had come back decorated with her honors, was thought good for anything.

A daguerreotype of him taken about this time represents a rather awkward youth, with a shock of light hair standing straight up from a big forehead, and a frank, thoughtful face, of a very marked German type. There is not, however, a drop of German blood in the Garfield family, but this picture would be taken for some Fritz or Carl just over from the Fatherland.

Professor Garfield in the Hiram Eclectic Institute.—He Becomes President of the Institution.—How He Became a Preacher.

Before he went to college Garfield had connected himself with the Disciples, a sect having a numerous membership in Eastern and Southern Ohio, West Virginia, and Kentucky, where its founder, Alexander Campbell, had traveled and preached.

The principal peculiarities of the denomination are their refusal to formulate their beliefs into a creed, the independence of each congregation, the hospitality and fraternal feeling of the members, and the lack of a regular ministry.

When Garfield returned to Ohio it was natural that he should soon gravitate to the struggling little college of the

young sect at Hiram, Portage county, near his boyhood's home.

Here he was straightway made tutor of Latin and Greek in the Hiram Eclectic Institute, in which only two years before he had been a pupil, and so he began to work for money to pay his debts. So high a position did he take, and so popular did he become, that the next year he was made President of the institute, a position which he continued to hold until his entrance into political life, but a little before the outbreak of the war.

Two years of teaching (during which time he married) left him even with the world. Through the school year of 1858-9 he even began to save a little money. At the same time he commenced the study of law.

Hiram is a lonesome country village, three miles from a railroad, built upon a high hill, overlooking twenty miles of cheese-making country to the southward. It contains fifty or sixty houses clustered around the green, in the center of which stands the homely red-brick college structure. Plain living and high thinking was the order of things at Hiram College in those days. The teachers were poor, the pupils were poor, and the institution was poor, but there was a great deal of hard, faithful study done, and many ambitious plans formed.

The young President taught, lectured, and preached, and all the time studied as diligently as any acolyte in the temple of knowledge. He frequently spoke on Sundays in the churches of the towns in the vicinity to create an interest in the college.

Among the Disciples any one can preach who has a mind to, no ordination being required. From these Sunday discourses came the story that Garfield at one time was a minister. He never considered himself as such, and never had any intention of finding a career in the pulpit. His

ambition, if he had any outside of the school, lay in the direction of law and politics.

Gen. Garfield's Marriage—A Happy Home—What the General says of his Wife.

During his professorship at Hiram, Garfield married Miss Lucretia Rudolph, daughter of a farmer in the neighborhood, whose acquaintance he had made while at the academy, where she was also a pupil.

She was a quiet, thoughtful girl, of singularly sweet and refined disposition, fond of study and reading, possessing a warm heart and a mind with the capacity of steady growth.

The marriage was a love affair on both sides, and has been a thoroughly happy one. Much of Gen. Garfield's subsequent success in life may be attributed to the never-failing sympathy and intellectual companionship of his wife and the stimulus of a loving home circle. The young couple bought a neat little cottage fronting on the college campus, and began their wedded life poor and in debt, but with brave hearts.

Speaking of his wife recently, Mr. Garfield said:

I have been wonderfully blessed in the discretion of my wife. She is one of the coolest and best-balanced women I ever saw. She is unstampedable. There has not been one solitary instance of my public career where I suffered in the smallest degree for any remark she ever made. It would have been perfectly natural for a woman often to say something that could be misinterpreted; but without any design, and with the intelligence and coolness of her character, she has never made the slightest mistake that I ever heard of. With the competition that has been against me, many times such discretion has been a real blessing.

She has borne him a large family of children, two of whom—the eldest boys—are now preparing for college. Their home since their marriage has been in Hiram until three or four years ago, when they removed to Mentor, Lake County, where their residence now is.

Increasing Fame of the College President—His Election to the State Senate and What He Did.

The College President began to draw attention through wider circles than those which he had been a center as a teacher, and his oratorical powers had brought him prominently before the public. As President of the institute, it was natural that he should secure a prominent position among educated men, and his reputation grew very rapidly until, in 1859, the people of his county thought him a proper man to represent them in the State Senate. He was elected by a large majority, and took an influential part in legislation and debate.

It is generally supposed that General Garfield was once a clergyman. This is not strictly true; he frequently appeared in the pulpit of the Disciples Church, in accordance with the liberal usages of that denomination, but never entertained any idea of becoming a minister, nor did he ever take holy orders. Since his entrance into politics as a member of the Legislature he has not performed any ministerial duties, but has turned his attention more to the practice of law.

When the war broke out General Garfield was a leading member of the Ohio State Senate, and was the foremost of a small band of Republicans who thought it impolitic to adopt the constitutional amendments which had been sent by Congress to the States forbidding forever legislation on the subject of slavery. He took the lead in revising an old statute about treason, and when what was known as the "million war bill" came up, he was the most conspicuous of its advocates.



Anecdote of Garfield's Early Life—His Greatness Anticipated by a Woman in Connection with a Laughable Incident.

A reminiscence of Gen. Garfield's earlier manhood is found in the recital given by one Capt. Styles, the present Sheriff of Ashtabula county, Ohio. In 1850, Capt. Stiles relates that Garfield taught the district school of Stiles' district, and "boarded around." Like many other school-masters of the pioneer days, Garfield's wardrobe was scanty, consisting of but one suit of jean.

One day the school-master was so unfortunate as to rend his pantaloons across the knee in an unseemly degree. He pinned up the rend as best he could, and went to the home-stead of the Stiles' where he was then boarding. Good Mrs. Stiles cheerfully said to the unfortunate pedagogue:

"Oh, well, James, never mind; you go to bed early and I will put a nice patch under that tear, and darn it all up so nice that it will last all winter, and when you get to be United States Senator nobody will ask you what kind of clothes you wore when you were keeping school."

Last winter when Gen. Garfield was elected Senator from the State of Ohio Mrs. Styles, who is still a hale old lady, sent her congratulations to him and reminded him of the *torn pantaloons*; and for her kindly congratulations she received a most touching reply from the newly-elected Senator, assuring her that the incident was fresh in his memory.

An Interesting Reminiscence—Garfield and Arthur Both School Teachers in the Same Room at North Pownal, Vt.

North Pownal, Bennington, Co., Vt., formerly known as Whipple's Corners, is situated in the southwestern corner of the State, and by the usually travelled road one passes in an hour's ride from New York through the

corner of Vermont by way of North Pownal into the State of Massachusetts.

In 1851 Chester A. Arthur, fresh from Union College, came to North Pownal, and for one summer taught the village school. About two years later James A. Garfield, then a young student at Williams College, several miles distant, in order to obtain the necessary means to defray his expenses while pursuing his studies, came also to North Pownal and established a writing-school in the room formerly occupied by Mr. Arthur, and taught classes in penmanship during the long winter evenings.

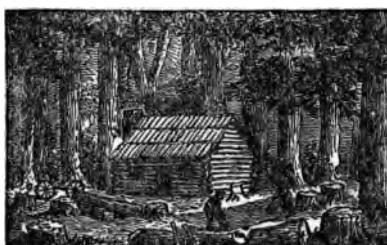
Thus, from a common starting-point in early life, after the lapse of more than a quarter of a century, after years of manly toil, these distinguished men are brought into a close relationship before the nation and before the civilized world.

A Pen Picture of Garfield.

In person Gen. Garfield is six feet high, broad-shouldered and strongly built. He has an unusually large head, that seems to be three-fourths forehead, light-brown hair and beard, large, light-blue eyes, a prominent nose, and full cheeks. He dresses plainly, is fond of broad-brimmed slouch hats and stout boots, eats heartily, cares nothing for luxurious living, is thoroughly temperate in all respects save in that of brain-work, and devoted to his wife and children and very fond of his country home. Among men he is genial, approachable, companionable, and a remarkably entertaining talker.

A Pen Picture of Gen. Garfield's Wife—A Model Woman.

Mrs. Garfield is a lady of medium height, and of slight but well-knit form. She has small features, with a somewhat prominent forehead, and her black hair, crimped in front and done up in a modest coil, is slightly tinged with gray. A pair of black eyes, and a mouth about which there plays a sweetly bewitching smile, are the most attractive features of a thoroughly expressive face. In dress she is quite as plain as the present mistress of the White House, whom she resembles in several respects. Her manners are graceful and winning in the extreme. Though she is noted for her modest, retiring ways and her thorough domesticity more than for any other distinguishing characteristic, her educational accomplishments are many and varied. In all the public life of her distinguished companion she has been his constant helpmeet and adviser. She is a quick observer, an intelligent listener, but undemonstrative in the extreme. When the General was at Chickamauga, and everybody at Hiram was painfully anxious to get the latest news from the field of battle, she sat quiet and patient in what is now Professor Hinsdale's cosy library, and was able to control the inmost emotions that swayed her breast. How she received the news of the General's nomination at Chicago will probably never be fully known, but everybody here is sure that she was as undemonstrative as when waiting for news from Chickamaugua.



**President Hinsdale's Stories and Tribute to Gen. Garfield, the Man Who was
in Hiram College Before Him—The Canal and Wood-Chopping
Incidents—How He Made Success Possible, and
Why He Succeeded.**

President B. A. Hinsdale, of Hiram College, on the day of Garfield's election to the United States Senate, made the following announcement to the students in the chapel:

"To-day a man will be elected to the United States Senate in Columbus who, when a boy, was once the bell-ringer in this school and afterward its President. Feeling this, we ought, in some way, to recognize this step in his history. I will to-morrow morning call your attention to some of the more notable and worthy features of Gen. Garfield's history and character."

The address which President Hinsdale delivered on the occasion is as follows:

YOUNG LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I am not going to attempt a formal address on the life and character of Gen. Garfield. There is now no call for such an attempt, and I have made no adequate preparations for such a task. My object is far humbler: simply to hold up to your minds some points in his history, and some features in his character that young men and women may study with interest and profit.

I shall begin by destroying history, or what is commonly held to be history. The popularly accepted account of Gen. Garfield's history and character is largely fabulous. We are not to suppose that the ages of myth and legend are gone; under proper conditions such growths spring up now; and I know of no man in public life around whom they have sprung up more rankly than around the subject of my remarks.

No doubt you have seen some of the stories concerning him and his family that appear ever and anon in the news-

papers; that his mother chopped cordwood; that she fought wolves with fire to keep them from devouring her children, her distinguished son being one of the group; that the circumstances of the family were the most pinching; that Garfield himself could not read at the age of 21; that he was peculiarly reckless in his early life; that, when he had become a man, he went down from the pulpit to thrash a bully who interrupted him in his sermon on the patience of Job.

These stories, and others like them, are all false and all harmful. They fail of accomplishing the very purpose for which they were professedly told—the stimulation of youth. To make the lives of the great distorted and monstrous is not to make them fruitful as lessons.

If a life be anomalous and outlandish, it is, for that reason, the poorer example. It is all in the wrong direction. It makes the impression that, in human history, there is no cause and no effect; no antecedent and no consequent; that everything is capricious and fitful; and suggests that the best thing to do is to abandon one's self to the currents of life, trusting that some beneficent gulf stream will seize you and bear you to some happy shore. No, young people, do not heed such instruction as this.

The best lives for them to study are those that are natural and symmetrical; those in which the relation between cause and effect is so close and apparent that the dullest can see it; and that preach in the plainest terms the sermon on the text: "Whatever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

Irregular and abnormal lives will do for "studies," but healthy, normal, harmonious lives should be chosen for example. And Gen. Garfield's life from the first has been eminently healthy, normal, and well-proportioned.

He was born in the woods of Orange, Cuyahoga County, in 1831. His father died when the son was a year and a

half old. Abram Garfield's circumstances were those of his neighbors. Measured by our standard they were all poor; they lived on small farms, for which they, had gone in debt, hoping to clear and pay for them by their toil. Garfield dying, left his wife and four young children in the condition that any one of his neighbors would have done in like circumstances—poor. The family life before had been close and hard enough; now it became closer and harder.

Grandma Garfield, as some of us familiarly call her, was a woman of unusual energy, faith, and courage. She said the children should not be separated, but kept them together; and that the home should be maintained, as when its head was living. The battle was a hard one, and she won it. All honor to her, but let us not make her ridiculous by inventing impossible stories.

To external appearance, young Garfield's life did not differ materially from the lives of the neighbors' boys.

He chopped wood, and so did they; he mowed, and so did they; he carried butter to the store in a little pail, and so did they. Other families that had not lost their heads naturally shot ahead of the Garfields in property; but such differences counted far less then than they do now. The traits of his maturer character appeared early; studiousness, truthfulness, generosity of nature, and mental power. So far was he from being reckless, that he was almost serious, reverent and thoughtful. So far was he from being unable to read at 21 that he was a teacher in the district schools before he was 18.

He was the farthest removed from being a pugilist, though he had great physical strength and courage, coolness of mind, was left-handed withal, and was both able and disposed to defend himself and all his rights, and did so on due occasion.

His three months' service on the canal has been the source of numerous fables and morals. The morals are as false as the fables, and more misleading. All I have to say about it is: James A. Garfield has not risen to the position of a United States Senator because he "ran on a canal." Nor is it because he chopped more wood than the neighbors' boys. Many a man has run longer on the canal, and chopped more wood, and never became a Senator.

Gen. Garfield once rang the school bell when a student here. That did not make him the man he is. Convince me that it did, and I will hang up a bell in every tree in the campus, and set you all to ringing. Thomas Corwin, when a boy, drove a wagon, and became the head of the Treasury; Thomas Ewing boiled salt, and became a Senator; Henry Clay rode a horse to mill from the "Slashes," and he became the great commoner of the West. But it was not the wagon, the salt, and horse that made these men great.

These are interesting facts in the lives of these illustrious men; they show that, in our country, it has been, and still is possible for young men of ability, energy, and determined purpose to rise above a lowly condition, and win places of usefulness and honor. Poverty may be a good school; straightened circumstances may develop power and character; but the principal conditions of success are in the man, and not in his surroundings.

Garfield is the man he is because nature gave him a noble endowment of faculties that he has nobly handled. We must look within, and not without, for the secret of destiny. The thing to look at in a man's life are his aspirations, his energy, his courage, his strength of will, and not the wood he may have chopped, or the salt he may have boiled. How a man works, and not what he does, is the test of worth.

His success did not lie in his technical scholarship, or his ability as a drill-master. Teachers are plenty who much surpass him in these particulars. He had great ability to grasp a subject; to organize a body of intellectual materials; to amass facts and work out striking generalizations; and, therefore, he excelled in rhetorical exposition. An old pupil who has often heard him on the stump, once told me, "the General succeeds best when talking to the people just as he did to his class." He imparted to his pupils largeness of view, enthusiasm, and called out of them unbounded devotion to himself.

This devotion was not owing to any plan or trick, but to the qualities of the man. Mr. H. M. Jones of the Cleveland schools, an old Hiram scholar, speaking of the old Hiram days before Garfield went to college, once wrote me: "There began to grow up in me an admiration and love for Garfield that has never abated, and the like of which I have never known. A bow of recognition, or a simple word from him, was to me an inspiration."

Probably all were not equally susceptible, but all the boys who were long under his charge (save, perhaps, a few "sticks") would speak in the same strain. He had great power to energize young men. Gen. Garfield has carried the same qualities into public life. He has commanded success. His ability, knowledge, mastery of questions, generosity of nature, devotion to the public good, and honesty of purpose, have done the work. He has never had a political "machine." He has never forgotten the day of small things. He has never made personal enemies.

It is difficult to see how a political triumph could be more complete or more gratifying than his election to the Senate. No "bar-bains," no "slate," no "grocery" at Columbus. He did not even go to the Capital City. Such things are inspiring to those who think politics in a broad

way. He is a man of positive convictions, freely uttered. Politically he may be called a "man-of-war;" and yet few men, or none, begrudge him his triumph. Democrats vied with Republicans the other day in Washington in snowing him under with congratulations; some of them were as anxious for his election as any Republican could be.

It is said that he will go to the Senate without an enemy on either side of the chamber. These things are honorable to all parties. They show that manhood is more than party. The Senator is honored, Ohio is honored, and so is the school in Hiram, with which he was connected so many years. The whole story abounds in interest, and I hope I have so told it as to bring out some of its best points, and to give you stimulus and cheer.

An Interesting Story—Garfield as a Temperance Man—How He Disposed of an Obnoxious Brewery in One Hour.

I heard a little story, says Mr. H. L. Baker, about Gen. Garfield, that will illustrate his admirable method of combining practice with principle. He vouches for the entire truth of the story, as he got it from a man who lived almost next door to Mr. Garfield in Painesville, Ohio, for ten years, and during the time the events spoken of occurred.

It was in 1865 that the temperance people of Painesville were a good deal worked up over a beer brewery running full blast in their midst. They held meeting after meeting, and discussed all sorts of plans for getting rid of the obnoxious industry, but all to no avail as far as any practical outcome was concerned.

During that time Gen. Garfield returned home from the army, and attended the next temperance meeting as an earnest, enthusiastic temperance man. The same old subject of the brewery came up. After listening a few minutes the General rose up and said:

"Gentlemen, it is the easiest thing in the world to dispose of that brewery. I will agree to do it in one hour."

The announcement took them all by surprise, of course. Suppress in one hour the nuisance they had so long bothered their heads over? Do in one hour what they failed to do in six months? It seemed impossible. But he soon showed them he meant business.

He went over to the brewery, and in less than an hour he had purchased the whole property and paid the cash, some \$10,000, I believe. He destroyed all the manufactured liquor and all the exclusively brewery machinery. What disposal to make of the property was now the question. It did not lie idle long, however.

The next fall he converted the building and machinery into a large cider mill, and made hundreds of barrels of cider. Not one drop of cider would he sell or give away, for he was too strict a temperance man to think it right to drink even cider; but every barrel of it he kept till it had become cider vinegar, and then sold it.

The good people of the town were glad to learn that, after, the property proved to be a good investment, and the General made it pay him well. After using the building four or five years he sold it to other parties, and moved upon his farm at Mentor, Lake County, Ohio.

This is a small thing, to be sure; but it shows that Gen. Garfield's principles are not a dead letter, but are real, live matters, which he is ready to put into practice in his daily life.

Garfield at Home—His Residence in Mentor—His Family and His Mother

Gen. Garfield is the possessor of two homes, and his family migrates twice a year. Some ten years ago, finding how unsatisfactory life was in hotels and boarding-houses,

he bought a lot of ground on the corner of Thirteenth and I streets, in Washington, D. C., and, with money borrowed of a friend, built a plain, substantial three-story house. A wing was extended afterward to make room for the fast-growing library. The money was repaid in time, and was probably saved in great part from what would otherwise have gone to landlords. The children grew up in pleasant home surroundings, and the house became a center of much simple and cordial hospitality.

Five or six years ago the little cottage at Hiram was sold, and for a time the only residence the Garfields had in his district was a summer-house he built on Little Mountain, a bold elevation in Lake County, which commands a view of thirty miles of rich farming country stretched along the shore of Lake Erie.

Three years ago he bought a farm in Mentor, in the same county, lying on both sides of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad. Here his family spend all the time when he is free from his duties in Washington.

The farm-house is a low, old-fashioned, story-and-a-half building, but its limited accommodations have been supplemented by numerous outbuildings, one of which Gen. Garfield uses for office and library purposes.

The farm contains about 160 acres of excellent land, in a high state of cultivation, and the Congressman finds a recreation, of which he never tires, in directing the field work and making improvements in the buildings, fences, and orchards. Cleveland is only twenty-five miles away; there is a postoffice and a railway station within half a mile, and the pretty country town of Painesville is but five miles distant. One of the pleasures of summer life on the Garfield farm is a drive of two miles through the woods to the lake shore and a bath in the breakers.

Gen. Garfield has five children living, and has lost two,

who died in infancy. The two older boys. Harry and James, are now at school in New Hampshire. Mary, or Molly as everybody calls her, is a handsome, rosy-cheeked girl of about 12. The two younger boys are named Irwin and Abram.

The General's mother is still living, and has long been a member of his family. She is an intelligent, energetic old lady, with a clear head and a strong will, who keeps well posted in the news of the day, and is very proud of her son's career, though more liberal of criticism than of praise.

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**Gen. Garfield's First Important Speech After His Nomination — It is Delivered to the Students of Hiram College on "Commencement Day" —
An Interesting Address.**

Gen. Garfield returned home from his nomination in Chicago to be present "Commencement Day" at little Hiram, where he had once been professor, and afterwards president of the institution. Here Garfield met his wife for the first time since his nomination, and that, too, at the very house where their acquaintance began, within a stone's throw of the college. To the students and his college friends there assembled he spoke most grandly. After a brief reference to old associations, he added the following evidently impromptu remarks:

"FELLOW CITIZENS, OLD NEIGHBORS, AND FRIENDS OF MANY YEARS: It has always given me pleasure to come back here and look upon these faces. It has always given me new courage and new friends, for it has brought back a large share of that richness which belongs to those things out of which come the joys of life.

"While sitting here this afternoon, watching your faces

and listening to the very interesting address which has just been delivered, it has occurred to me that the least thing you have, that all men have enough of, is perhaps the thing that you care for the least, and that is your leisure—the leisure you have to think; the leisure you have to be let alone; the leisure you have to throw the plumbline into your mind, and sound the depth and dive for things below; the leisure you have to walk about the towers yourself, and find how strong they are or how weak they are, to determine what needs building up; how to work, and how to know all that shall make you the final beings you are to be. Oh, these hours of building!

“If the Superior Being of the universe would look down upon the world to find the most interesting object, it would be the unfinished, unformed character of the young man or young woman. Those behind me have probably in the main settled this question. Those who have passed into middle manhood and middle womanhood are about what we shall always be, and there is but little left of interest, as their characters are all developed.

“But to your young and your yet unformed natures, no man knows the possibilities that lie before you in your hearts and intellects; and, while you are working out the possibilities with that splendid leisure that you need, you are to be most envied. I congratulate you on your leisure. I commend you to treat it as your gold, as your wealth, as your treasure, out of which you can draw all possible treasures that can be laid down when you have your natures unfolded and developed in the possibilities of the future.

“This place is too full of memories for me to trust myself to speak upon, and I will not. But I draw again to-day, as I have for a quarter of a century, life, evidence of strength, confidence, and affection from the people who gather in this place. I thank you for the permission to see you and meet you and greet you as I have done to-day.”

Garfield "Photographed" by "Gath"—A Remarkably Interesting Pen-Picture of the Great Man—His Physical, Social, Moral, and Intellectual Powers.

The following exceedingly interesting description of Gen. Garfield was written by the celebrated "Gath" soon after Garfield's nomination as President:

The writer has known Gen. Garfield pretty well for thirteen years. He is a large, well-fed, hale, ruddy, brown-bearded man, weighing about 220 pounds, with Ohio German colors, blue eyes, military face, erect figure and shoulders, large back and thighs, and broad chest, and evidently bred in the country on a farm. His large mouth is full of strong teeth, his nose, chin, and brows are strongly pronounced. A large brain, with room for play of thought and long application, rises high above his clear, discerning, enjoying eyes. He sometimes suggests a country Samson,—strong beyond his knowledge, but unguarded as a schoolboy.

He pays little attention to the affectation by which some men manage public opinion, and has one kind of behavior for all callers, which is the most natural behavior at hand. Strangers would think him a little cold, and mentally shy. On acquaintance he is seen to be hearty above every thing, loving the life around him, his family, his friends, his State and country. Loving sympathetic and achieving people, and with a large unprofessing sense of the brotherhood of workers in the fields of progress, it was the feeling of sympathy and the desire to impart which took him for chief; while as to the pulpit, or on the verge of it, full of all that he saw and acquired, he panted to give it forth, after it had passed through the alembic of his mind.

Endowed with a warm temperament, copious expression, large, wide-seeing faculties, and superabundant health, he could study all night and teach or lecture all day, and it

was a providence that his neighbors discovered he was too much of a man to conceal in the pulpit, where his docility and reverence had almost taken him. They sent him to the State Legislature, where he was when the war broke out, and he immediately went to the field, where his courage and painstaking parts, and love of open air occupation, and perfect freedom from self-assertion, made him the delight of Rosecrans and George H. Thomas successively. He would go about any work they asked of him, was unselfish and enthusiastic, and had steady, temperate habits, and his large brain and his reverence made everything novel to him.

There is an entire absence of non-balance or worldliness in his nature. He is never indifferent, never vindictive. A base action or ingratitude or cruelty may make him sad, but does not provoke retaliation, nor alter that faith in men or Providence which is a part of his sound stomach and athletic head. Garfield is simple as a child; to the serpent's wisdom he is a stranger. Having no use nor aptitude with the weapons of coarser natures, he often avoids mere disputes, does not go to public resorts where men are familiar or vulgar, and the walk from his home in Washington to the Capitol, and an occasional dinner out, comprise his life.

The word public servant especially applies to him. He has been the drudge of his State constituents, the public, the public societies, the moral societies, and of his party and country since 1863. Aptitude for public debate and public affairs are associated with a military nature in him. He is on a broad scale a schoolmaster of the range of Gladstone, of Agassiz, of Gallatin. With as honest a heart as ever beat above the competitors of sordid ambition, Gen. Garfield has yet so little of the worldly wise in him that he is poor, and yet has been accused of dishonesty.

He has no capacity for investment, nor the rapid solution

of wealth, nor profound respect for the penny in and out of pound, and still is neither careless, improvident, nor dependent. The great consuming passion to equal richer people, and live finely, and extend his social power is as foreign to him as scheming or cheating. But he is not a suspicious nor a high minded man, and so he is taken in sometimes, partly from his obliging, unrefusing disposition. Men who were scheming imposed upon him as upon Grant, and other men. The people of his district, who are quick to punish public venality or defection, heard him in his defense in 1873 and kept him in Congress and held up his hand, and hence he is by their unwavering support for twenty-five years candidate for President and a National character.

Since John Quincy Adams no President has had Garfield's scholarship, which is equally up to this age of wider facts. The average American, pursuing money all day long, is now presented to a man who had invariably put the business of others above his own, and worked for that alleged nondescript—the public—gratitude all his life. But he has not labored without reward. The great nomination came to-day to as pure and loving a man as ever wished well of anybody and put his shoulder to his neighbor's wheel.

Garfield's big, boyish heart is pained to-night with the weight of his obligation, affection, and responsibility. To-day, as hundreds of telegrams came from everywhere, saying kind, strong things to him—such messages as only Americans in their rapid, good impulses pour upon a lucky friend—he was with two volunteer clerks in a room opening and reading, and suddenly his two boys sent him one—little fellows at school—and as he read it he broke down, and tried to talk, but his voice choked, and he could not see for tears. The clerks began to blubber, too, and people to whom they afterward told it.

This sense of real great heart will be new to the country, and will grow if he gets the Presidency. His wife was one of his scholars in Ohio. Like him, she is of a New England family, transplanted to the West, a pure-hearted, brave, unassuming woman; the mother of seven or eight children, and, as he told me only a few weeks ago, had never, by any remark, brought him into the least trouble, while she was unstampedable by any clamor.

He is the ablest public speaker in the country, and the most serious and instructive man on the stump. His instincts, liberal and right; his courtesy, noticeable in our politics; his aims, ingenuous; and his piety comes by nature. He leads a farmer's life, all the recess of Congress working like a field-hand, and restoring his mind by resting it. If elected, he will give a tone of culture and intelligence to the Executive office it has never yet had, while he has no pedantry in his composition, and no conceit whatever.

Gen. Garfield may be worth \$25,000, or a little more than Mr. Lincoln was when he took the office. His old mother, a genial lady, lives in his family, and his kindness to her on every occasion bears out the commandment of "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land."

A Splendid Record—Summary of Garfield's Labors—The Rewards of Industry.

It is astonishing how much there is in the story of Gen. Garfield's life to excite the sympathy, appeal to the pride, and call out the commendation of young men and old men who believe in the dignity of American citizenship.

In 1840, an orphan boy struggling along the prosaic dead level of life on a farm; in 1847, working steadily under the hardships and drudgery of a canal-boatman's experience; in 1849, an aspiring student, supporting himself at an acad-

emy; in 1850, a teacher in a country school, earning money to forward his ambition to become an educated man; in 1854, a stubborn student at college; in 1858, a young man struggling against the debts incurred in educating himself; in 1859, President of an educational institute and a State Senator; in 1860, influential as a man and prominent as a politician; in 1861, the Colonel of a Union regiment, and the commander of a brigade, driving forward with relentless energy into Eastern Kentucky; in 1862, a Brigadier General, and then a Major General; in 1863, occupying Giddings' seat in Congress; re-elected in 1864, 1866, 1868, 1870, 1872, 1874, 1876, and 1878, and for nearly all the time an acknowledged leader; elected United States Senator in January, 1880, and nominated President in June.

This is the ideal career of the ambitious or aspiring American boy. Here is a man who, beginning life as a poor boy, has in truth fought his way to distinction. Pure and courageous as a boy, ambitious and self-reliant as a young man, tireless and brave as a soldier, aggressive but even-tempered as a leader in Congress, Gen. Garfield has retained every friendship of his youth, held fast to every comrade of his soldier experience, and commanded the respect of all his co-laborers in Congress.

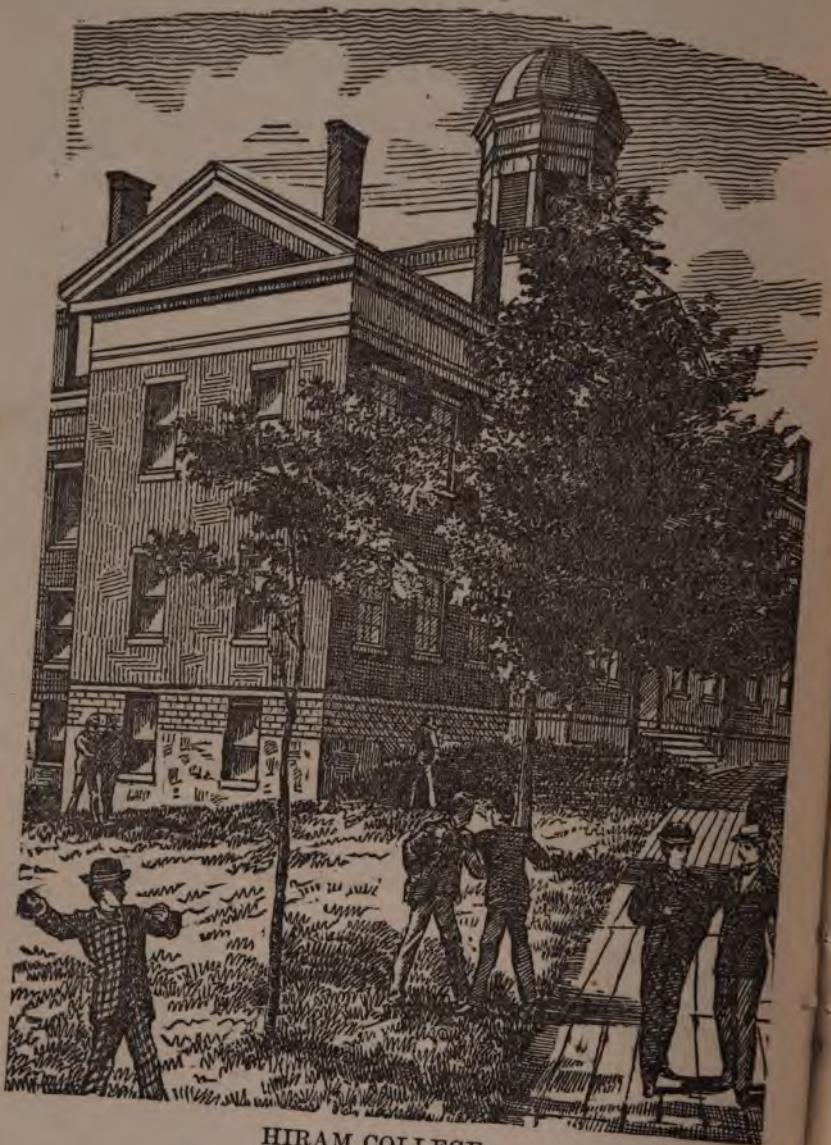
Garfield's life is the story of a young man who has succeeded through his own efforts. Having passed through all the trials common to boys and young men in this country, he has achieved the distinction which we teach, as a part of our American system, all our boys to strive for. He is from the people and of the people, a pure, kind-hearted, tolerant, broad-spirited, and distinguished man.

Such a life record is a source of pride to any man who thoroughly believes in the possibilities of the American system of education and government. It must be an element of strength to the Presidential candidate of any party,

and, judged by this record, by his talent, experience, and spirit, Garfield should be a strong candidate for the Republican party.

It is a good sign when those who know a man best like him best. It is a good sign when those who have been most intimately associated with a man arise promptly and voluntarily to testify in his behalf. It is a good sign when men are attracted to another man because he is a man of heart and principle.





HIRAM COLLEGE.

WAR RECORD.

Garfield in War—How He Volunteered to put down the Rebellion, and was Promoted—Interesting Incidents on the Field of Battle.

Troops were being raised in Ohio early in 1861, and Gen. Garfield at once notified Governor Dennison of his desire to enter the service. Garfield was sent to New York by Governor Dennison to secure arms for the equipment of the Ohio troops, and upon his return was offered a Lieutenant-Colonelcy in a proposed regiment, which was never organized.

In August, 1861, however, after McClellan's West Virginia campaign, Gen. Garfield was appointed Lieutenant Colonel of the Forty-Second Ohio Regiment, for which had been recruited many of his old pupils at the Hiram Institute. Gen. Garfield went diligently at work studying tactics, and after five weeks of camp life was promoted to the Colonelcy of his regiment, and started for the field.

The regiment went first to Kentucky, where it reported to Gen. Buell, and Garfield was at once assigned the command of the Seventeenth Brigade, and ordered to drive the rebel forces, under Humphrey Marshall, out of Eastern Kentucky. Up to that date no active operations had been attempted west of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and Gen. Garfield found himself in command of four regiments of infantry and eight companies of cavalry, charged with the

important work of driving out of his native State an officer reported to be the ablest that Kentucky had given to the rebellion.

Gen. Garfield had never seen a gun fired in action, and had no knowledge of military service except what had been gained in a few months' experience. Garfield moved rapidly up the valley, with a force numbering only 2,200, to meet an experienced officer with 5,000 well-equipped men; but Marshall retreated before him, and after a slight skirmish, Garfield found himself in possession of the enemy's camp and baggage. He pushed the pursuit, and was reinforced by about 1,000 men. The fight that followed was severe at times, but on the whole desultory, and continued three days, until the troops had become practically disabled, because of a heavy rainstorm that flooded the mountain gorges, and made so strong a current in the rivers that Garfield's supplies were unable to reach him.

The troops were almost out of rations, and the mountainous country was incapable of supporting them. Garfield went by land to the base of his supplies, and ordered a steamer to take on a cargo and move up to the relief of his troops. The Captain declared it was impossible; finally, Garfield ordered the Captain and his crew on board, stationed sentinels in the pilot-house, and, having gained a load, started up stream. The water in the usually shallow river was sixty feet deep, and the tree tops along the banks were submerged.

The little vessel trembled from stem to stern at every motion of the engines; the waters whirled her about as if she were a skiff, and the utmost speed that steam could give her was three miles an hour. When night fell, the Captain of the boat begged permission to tie up. To attempt ascending the flood in the dark he declared was

madness. But Col. Garfield kept his place at the wheel. Finally, in one of the sudden bends of the river, they drove, with a full head of steam, into the bank. Every effort to back her off was in vain. Mattocks were procured, and excavations were made around the imbedded bow. Still she stuck. Garfield at last ordered a boat to be lowered to take a line across to the opposite bank. The crew protested against venturing out in the flood. The Colonel leaped into the boat and steered it over. A windlass of rails was hastily made, and with a long line the vessel was warped off, and once more was afloat.

It was Saturday when they left Sandy Creek. All through that day and night, Sunday and Sunday night, the boat pushed her way against the current, Garfield leaving the wheel but eight hours of the whole time. At nine o'clock Monday they reached camp, and Garfield could scarcely escape being borne to headquarters on the shoulders of the men.

During the months of January, February and March there were numerous encounters with mountain guerrillas, but the Union arms finally prevailed, and the bands of marauders were driven from the State.

Just on the border, however, at the rough pass across the mountains known as Pound Gap, Humphrey Marshall still held a post of observation, with a force of about 500 men. On the 14th of March, Garfield started with 500 infantry and a couple of hundred cavalry against this detachment. The distance was forty miles. The roads were at their worst, but by evening of the next day he had reached the mountain two miles north of the gap.

Next morning the cavalry were deployed up the gap road, while the infantry were led along an unfrequented path on the side of the mountain. A heavy snowstorm also helped to mask the movement. While the enemy

were watching the cavalry, Garfield had led the infantry to within a quarter of a mile of their camp. Then an attack was ordered, the enemy taken by surprise, and a few volleys sent them in confusion down the side of the mountain into Virginia. Considerable quantities of stores were captured.

That night the victorious troops rested in the comfortable log huts built by the enemy, and the next morning burned them down. Six days afterward, the command was ordered to Louisville. These operations had been conducted with such energy and skill as to receive the special commendation of the Government, and Col. Garfield was given a commission as Brigadier General. The discomfiture of Humphrey Marshall was a source of special chagrin to the rebel sympathizers of Kentucky, and Garfield took rank in the popular estimation among the most promising of the volunteer Generals.

On his return to Louisville after the campaign, he found the army of the Ohio already beyond Nashville, on its way to Gen. Grant's aid at Pittsburg Landing. He hastened after it, and assumed command of the Twentieth Brigade. He reached the field on Pittsburg Landing about one o'clock on the second day of the battle, and participated in the closing scenes.

When Gen. Buell sought to prepare a new campaign, he assigned Gen. Garfield to the task of rebuilding the bridges and railroad from Corinth to Decatur. After performing the duty with great skill and energy, he found himself reduced by fever and ague, which he had contracted in the days of his tow-path service on the Ohio Canal, and went home on sick leave.

Soon after he received orders to proceed to Cumberland Gap and relieve Gen. George W. Morgan of his command; but he was too ill to leave his bed, and another officer was sent to the service.

As soon as his health would permit, he was ordered to Washington, where he was placed upon court-martial for the noted trial of Fitz John Porter.

Gen. Garfield was one of the clearest and foremost in the conviction of Porter's guilt, and had the bill to restore Porter ever been brought up in the House of Representatives, he would have made a determined opposition to its passage ; but Gen. Logan finished the shameful scheme in the Senate, and Gen. Garfield never had an opportunity to deliver a speech which he had prepared with great thoroughness and care.

After the trial of Fitz John Porter, he was appointed Chief of Staff to Gen. Rosecrans, and from the day of his appointment became the intimate associate and confidential adviser of his chief. Garfield's influence had become so important in shaping campaigns that he was always consulted, and during the successful campaigns that followed Chickamauga he took an active part.

Gen. Garfield's military career did not subject him to trials of a large scale. He approved himself a good independent commander in the small operations in Sandy Valley. His campaign there opened our series of successes in the West.

As a Chief of Staff he was unrivalled. There, as elsewhere, he was ready to accept the gravest responsibilities in following his convictions. The bent of his mind was judicial, and his judgment of military matters good.

His record will stand for him a monument of courage, and his conduct at Chickamauga will never be forgotten by a nation of brave men.



Col. Garfield's First Great Battle—He Defeats Humphrey Marshall and Wins a Brigadier-Generalship.

On the 17th of December, 1861, Garfield left Camp Chase, Ohio, with his regiment (Forty-second Ohio) under orders for the Big Sandy Valley region in Eastern Kentucky. Upon arriving in Louisville he was invited by Gen. Buell to arrange his own campaign, and he accordingly prepared a plan, which was submitted to and approved by the commanding General. The next day he started for his field of operations with a command consisting of four regiments of infantry and about two hundred cavalry.

The Big Sandy was reached and followed up for some sixty miles through a rough, mountainous region, his force driving the outposts of Gen. Humphrey Marshall before them for a considerable distance.

On the 7th of January, 1862, he drove the enemy's cavalry from Paintsville, after a severe skirmish, killing and wounding twenty-five of them. At a strong point, three miles above Paintsville, Marshall had prepared to make a stand, with 4,500 infantry, 700 cavalry, and two batteries of six guns each; but, his cavalry being driven in, his courage failed, and he hastily evacuated his works and retreated up the river.

The rapid marching thus far had much exhausted Gen. Garfield's forces; still, he resolved to pursue, and, selecting 1,100 of his best troops, he continued on to Prestongburg, a distance of fifteen miles. There he found the Rebels strongly posted on the crest of a hill, at once attacked them, and maintained the battle during five hours, the enemy's cannon meanwhile playing briskly.

Although most of Garfield's troops were now under fire for the first time, their daring valor swept all before them. The Rebels were driven from every position, and, after de-

stroying their stores, wagons, and camp equipage, they retreated in disorder to Pound Gap, in the Cumberland Mountains. This was the first brilliant achievement of the War in the West, and a most complete and humiliating defeat to the Rebels, their loss in killed and wounded amounting to two hundred and fifty, in addition to forty taken prisoners, while the Union loss was but thirty-two, all told.

It is said that at the time of this battle, Gen. Garfield had in his possession a letter written a short time before by Humphrey Marshall to his wife, but intercepted by Gen. Buell and sent to Gen. Garfield, in which Marshall stated that he had five thousand effective men in his command. This letter General Garfield refrained from showing to his officers and men until after the battle. His commission as Brigadier dated from the battle of Prestonburg.

Full details of Garfield's Pound-Gap Expedition—Strategy and Victory—Battle of Pittsburg Landing, Etc.

About the middle of March he made his famous Pound-Gap expedition, for a proper understanding of which a few words descriptive of the locality will be necessary. Pound-Gap is a zig-zag opening through the Cumberland Mountains into Virginia, leading into a tract of fertile meadow-land lying between the base of the mountains and a stream called Pound Fork, which bends around the opening of the gap, at some little distance from it, forming what is called "the Pound." These names originated in this wise: This mountain locality was for a long time the home of certain predatory Indians, from which they would make periodical forays into Virginia for plunder, and to which they would retreat as rapidly as they came, carrying with them the stolen cattle, which they would pasture in the meadow-land

just mentioned. Hence, among the settlers it became known as "The Pound," and from it the gap and stream took their names. After his defeat at Prestonburg, as has been stated, Humphrey Marshall retreated with his scattered forces through the gap into Virginia. A force of 500 rebels was left to guard the pass against any sudden incursion of Gen. Garfield's force, who, to make assurance doubly sure, had built directly across the gap a formidable breastwork, completely blocking up the way, and behind which 500 men could resist the attack of as many thousand. Behind these works, and on the southwestern slope of the mountains, they had erected commodious cabins for winter quarters, where they spent their time in ease and comfort, occasionally—by way of variety, and in imitation of their Indian predecessors—descending from their stronghold into Kentucky, greatly to the damage of the stock-yards and larders of the well-to-do farmers of that vicinity, and to the flight of their wives and children.

Gen. Garfield determined to dislodge them from their position, and so put an end to their maurauding expeditions. He accordingly set out with a sufficient force, and after two days' forced march reached the base of the mountains a short distance above the gap. Of the strength of the rebels and their position he had been well informed by the spies he had sent out, who had penetrated to their very camp in the absence of the usual pickets, which were never thrown out by them, so secure did they feel in their mountain fortress. It would have been madness to enter the gap and attack them in front, and the General did not propose or attempt it. Halting at the foot of the mountains for the night, he sent his cavalry early the next morning to the mouth of the gap to menace the rebels and draw them from behind their defences. This they did, arriving at a given time and threatening an attack. The rebels jumped

at the bait and at once came out to meet them, our men rapidly retreating, and the rebels following until the latter were some distance in front of their breastworks instead of behind them. Meantime, Gen. Garfield, with his infantry, had scaled the mountain-side, in the face of a blinding snow-storm, and, marching along a narrow ridge on the summit, had reached the enemy's camp in the rear of his fortifications. A vigorous attack was now made, resulting in the complete route of the rebels, many of whom were killed, wounded, or taken prisoners, and the remainder dispersed through the mountains. The General now reassembled his forces, and spent a comfortable night in the enemy's quarters, faring sumptuously on the viands there found. The next morning the cabins, sixty in number, were burned, the breastworks destroyed, and the General set out on his return to Piketon, which he reached the following night, having been absent four days, and having marched in that time about one hundred miles over a broken country. On his return he received orders from Gen. Buell, at Nashville, to report to him in person. Arriving at that place, he found that Buell had already begun his march towards Pittsburg Landing, and pushed on after him.

Overtaking the army, he was placed in command of the Twelfth Brigade, and, with his command, participated in the second day's fight at Shiloh. He was present through all the operations in front of Corinth, and, after the evacuation of that place, rebuilt, with his brigade, the bridges on the Memphis & Charleston Railroad, and erected fortifications at Stevenson. Throughout the months of July and August he was prostrated by severe sickness, and, consequently, was not in the retreat to Kentucky or the battles fought in that State. During his illness he was assigned to the command of the forces at Cumberland Gap, but

could not assume it. Upon his recovery, he was ordered to Washington, and detailed as a member of the Fitz John Porter court martial, which occupied forty-five days, and in which his great abilities as a lawyer and a soldier were called forth and freely recognized. When the court adjourned he was ordered to report to Gen. Rosecrans, and by him was placed in the responsible position of Chief of Staff, though at first it had been intended to give him only the command of a division in the field.

Gen. Garfield's Proclamation to the Citizens of Sandy Valley.

On the 16th day of January, 1862, Garfield, then in command of the Union forces in Eastern Kentucky, issued the following address to the inhabitants:

"CITIZENS OF SANDY VALLEY: I have come among you to restore the honor of the Union, and to bring back the old banner which you once loved, but which, by the machinations of evil men, and by mutual misunderstanding, has been dishonored among you. To those who are in arms against the Federal Government I offer only the alternate of battle or unconditional surrender. But to those who have taken no part in this war, who are in no way aiding or abetting the enemies of this Union—even to those who hold sentiments averse to the Union, but will give no aid or comfort to its enemies—I offer the full protection of the Government, both in their persons and property.

"Let those who have been seduced away from the love of their country to follow after and aid the destroyers of our peace lay down their arms, return to their homes, bear true allegiance to the Federal Government, and they shall also enjoy like protection. The army of the Union wages no war of plunder, but comes to bring back the prosperity of peace. Let all peace-loving citizens who have fled from their homes return and resume again the pursuits of peace and industry. If citizens have suffered from any outrages by the soldiers under my command, I invite them to make known their complaints to me, and their wrongs shall be redressed and the offenders punished. I expect the friends of the Union in this valley to banish from among them all private feuds, and let a

liberal love of country direct their conduct toward those who have been so sadly estrayed and misguided, hoping that these days of turbulence may soon be ended and the days of the Republic soon return.

J. A. GARFIELD,
"Colonel Commanding Brigade."

Gen. Garfield moved his forces to Piketon, Ky., 120 miles above the mouth of the Big Sandy. Here he remained several weeks; sending out, meanwhile, expeditions in every direction wherever he could hear of a Rebel camp or band, and at length completely cleared the whole country of the enemy.

Heroic Conduct of Gen. Garfield on the Field of Chickamauga—Driving Back Longstreet's Columns and Saving Gen. Thomas.

Gen. Garfield was made a Major-General for "gallant and meritorious services at the battle of Chickamauga." What those services were may be learned from the following extract from the history of the Forty-second Ohio Infantry, page 18:

Trying vainly to check the retreat [of Rosecrans] Gen. Garfield was swept with his chief back beyond Rossville. But the Chief of Staff could not concede that defeat had been entire. He heard the roar of Thomas' guns on the left, and gained permission of Rosecrans to go around to that quarter and find the Army of the Cumberland. While the commander busied himself with preparing a refuge at Chattanooga for his routed army, his Chief of Staff went back accompanied by a staff officer and a few orderlies, to find whatever part of the army still held its ground and save what was lost. It was a perilous ride. Long before he reached Thomas one of his orderlies was killed. Almost alone he pushed on over the obstructed road, through pursuers and pursued, found the heroic Thomas encircled by fire, but still firm, told him of the

disaster on the right, and explained how he could withdraw his right wing and fix it upon a new line to meet Longstreet's column. The movement was made just in time, but Thomas' line was too short. It would not reach to the base of the mountain. Longstreet saw the gap, drove his column into it, and would have struck Thomas' column fatally in the rear. In that critical moment Gen. Gordon Granger came up with Steedman's division, which moved in heavy column, threw itself upon Longstreet, and after a terrific struggle drove him back. The dead and wounded lay in heaps where these two columns met, but the army of Gen. Thomas was saved. As night closed in around the heroic Army of the Cumberland, Gens. Garfield and Granger, on foot and enveloped in smoke, directed the loading and pointing of a battery of Napoleon guns, whose flash, as they thundered after the retreating column of the assailants, was the last light that shone upon the battlefield of Chickamauga.

This ride of Garfield's was one of the gallantest acts of the war, and so recognized at the time by the Government and people. It earned Garfield the lasting friendship and regard of Gen. Thomas and all associated with him, and gave him a name as a brave soldier which no malicious scribbler can now take away.

A correspondent on the field, W. S. Furay, under date of September 21, 1863, after describing the perilous condition of the Union Army, speaks of Garfield's ride and arrival on the battlefield, as follows:

Just before the storm broke, the brave and high-souled Garfield was perceived making his way to the headquarters of Gen. Thomas. He had come to be present at the final contest, and in order to do so had ridden all the way from Chattanooga, passing through a fiery ordeal upon the road. His horse was shot under him, and his orderly was killed

by his side. Still he had come through, he scarce knew how, and here he was to inspire fresh courage into the hearts of the brave soldiers, who were holding the enemy at bay, to bring them words of greeting from Gen. Rosecrans, and to inform them that the latter was reorganizing the scattered troops, and, as fast as possible, would hurry them forward to their relief.

Just upon the side of the hill, to the left, and in rear of the still smoking ruins of the house, was gathered a group whose names are destined to be historical—Thomas, Whitaker, Granger, Garfield, Steedman, Wood. Calmly they watched the progress of the tempest, speculated upon its duration and strength, and devised methods to break its fury. The future analyst will delight to dwell upon the characteristics and achievements of each member of this group, and even the historian of the present, hastening to the completion of his task, is constrained to pause a moment only to repeat their names—Whitaker, Garfield, Granger, Thomas, Steedman, Wood.

The fight around the hill now raged with terror inexperienced before, even upon this terrible day. Our soldiers were formed in two lines, and as each marched up to the crest and fired a deadly volley at the deadly foe, it fell back a little ways, the men lay down upon the ground to load their guns, and the second line advanced to take their place! They, too, in their turn retired, and then the lines kept marching back and forth, and delivering their withering volleys, till the very brain grew dizzy as it watched them. And all the time not a man wavered. Every motion was executed with as much precision as though the troops were on a holiday parade, notwithstanding the flower of the rebel army were swarming around the foot of the hill, and a score of cannon were thundering from three sides upon it.

But our troops are no longer satisfied with the defensive. Gen. Turchin, at the head of his brigade charged into the rebel lines, and cut his way out again, bringing with him 300 prisoners. Other portions of this brave band followed Turchin's example, until the legions of the enemy were fairly driven back to the ground they occupied previous to commencing the fight. Thus did 12,000 or 15,000 men, animated by heroic impulses, and inspired by worthy leaders, save from destruction the Army of the Cumberland. Let the Nation honor them as they deserve.

Among those killed at this battle were: Gen. W. H. Lytle; Col. Grose, commanding a brigade in Palmer's division; Col. Baldwin, commanding a brigade in Johnson's division; Major Wall, of Gen. Davis' staff; Capt. Russell, A. A. G. on Gen. Granger's staff; Col. H. C. Heg, commanding brigade in Gen. Davis' division; Capt. Tinker, of the Sixth Ohio, and Capt. Parshall, of the Thirty-fifth Ohio.

Closing Scenes in Garfield's War Record — Why He Left the Army.

In 1862, while still an officer in the army, he was elected a Representative in Congress from Ohio, from the old Giddings district. About the same time he was sent to Washington as the bearer of dispatches. He there learned for the first time of his promotion to a Major-Generalship of volunteers "for gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of Chickamauga." He might have retained this position in the army; and the military capacity he had displayed, the high favor in which he was held by the Government, and the certainty of his assignment to important commands, seemed to augur a brilliant future. He was a

poor man, too, and the Major-General's salary was more than double that of the Congressman. But, on mature reflection, he decided that the circumstances under which the people had elected him to Congress in a measure compelled him to obey their wishes. He was furthermore urged to enter Congress by the officers of the army, who looked to him for aid in procuring such military legislation as the country needed and the army required. Under the belief that the path of usefulness to the country lay in the direction in which his constituents had pointed, Gen. Garfield sacrificed what seemed to be his personal interests, and, on the 5th of December, 1863, resigned his commission, after nearly three years' service, to enter Congress.





GEN. GARFIELD'S RESIDENCE IN WASHINGTON.

SPEECHES.

Gen. Garfield is Called to the Halls of Congress from the Fields of War—How it was Done—Early Experience of the Farmer Boy on the Floor.

The Congressional District in which Garfield lived was the one long made famous by Joshua R. Giddings. The old anti-slavery champion grew careless of the arts of politics toward the end of his career, and came to look upon a nomination and a re-election as a matter of course.

His over-confidence was taken advantage of in 1858 by an ambitious lawyer named Hutchins to carry a convention against him. The friends of Giddings never forgave Hutchins, and cast about for a means of defeating him. The old man himself was comfortably quartered in his Consulate at Montreal, and did not care to make a fight to get back to Congress. So his supporters made use of the popularity of Gen. Garfield and nominated him when he was in the field without asking his consent. This was in 1862.

When he heard of the nomination Garfield reflected that it would be fifteen months before the Congress would meet to which he would be elected, and believing, as did everyone else, that the war could not possibly last a year longer, concluded to accept. I have often heard him, says a friend, express regret that he did not help fight the war through, and say that he never would have left the army to go to

Congress had he foreseen that the struggle would continue beyond the year 1863. He continued his military service up to the time Congress met.

He was elected to succeed Joshua R. Giddings, who had served for twenty years as the representative from the district composed of the large and prosperous counties in Northeastern Ohio. He resigned from the army under the belief that the path of usefulness to his country lay in the direction of Congress rather than the military service. He sacrificed what seemed to be his personal interest, and resigning his commission he entered the Thirty-eighth Congress. Before taking his seat he was promoted to Major General of volunteers.

On entering Congress, in December, 1863, Gen. Garfield was placed upon the Committee on Military Affairs with Schenck and Farnsworth, who were also fresh from the field. He took an active part in the debates of the House, and won a recognition which few new members succeed in gaining.

He was not popular among his fellow members during his first term. They thought him something of a pedant because he sometimes showed his scholarship in his speeches, and they were jealous of his prominence. His solid attainments and able social qualities enabled him to overcome this prejudice during his second term, and he became on terms of close friendship with the best men in both Houses.

His committee service during his second term was on the Ways and Means, which was quite to his taste, for it gave him an opportunity to prosecute the studies in finance and political economy which he had always felt a fondness for. He was a hard worker and a great reader in those days, going home with his arms full of books from the Congressional Library, and sitting up late of nights to read them.

It was then that he laid the foundations of the convictions on the subject of National Finance, which he has since held to firmly amid all the storms of political agitation. He was renominated in 1864, without opposition, but in 1866 Mr. Hutchins, whom he had supplanted, made an effort to defeat him. Hutchins canvassed the district thoroughly, but the convention nominated Garfield by acclamation. He has had no opposition since by his own party.

In 1872 the Liberals and Democrats united to beat him, but his majority was larger than ever. In 1874 the Green-backers and Democrats combined and put up a popular soldier against him, but they made no impression on the result. The Ashtabula district, as it is generally called, is the most faithful to its representatives of any in the North. It has had but four members in half a century.

Seventeen Years a Member of Congress—Garfield's Great Work in the Halls of Legislation—A Triumphant Leader.

In the Fortieth Congress Gen. Garfield was Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs. In the Forty-first he was given the Chairmanship of Banking and Currency, which he liked much better, because it was in the line of his financial studies. His next promotion was to the Chairmanship of the Appropriations Committee, which he held until the Democrats came into power in the House in 1875. His chief work on that committee was a steady and judicious reduction of the expenses of the Government. In all the political struggles in Congress he has borne a leading part, his clear, vigorous, and moderate style of argument making him one of the most effective debaters in either House.

When James G. Blaine went to the Senate in 1877 the

mantle of Republican leadership was by common consent placed upon Garfield, and he has worn it ever since.

Recently Gen. Garfield was elected to the Senate to the seat vacated by Allen G. Thurman on the 4th of March, 1881. He received the unanimous vote of the Republican caucus, an honor never given to any man of any party in the State of Ohio. Since his election he has been the recipient of many complimentary manifestations in Washington and in Ohio.

As a leader in the House he is more cautious and less dashing than Blaine, and his judicial turn of mind makes him too prone to look for two sides of a question for him to be an efficient partisan. When the issue fairly touches his convictions, however, he becomes thoroughly aroused and strikes tremendous blows. Blaine's tactics were to continually harrass the enemy by sharp-shooting surprises and picket firing. Garfield waits for an opportunity to deliver a pitched battle, and his generalship is shown to best advantage when the fight is a fair one and waged on grounds where each party thinks itself strongest. Then his solid shot of argument are exceedingly effective. On the stump Garfield is one of the very best orators in the Republican party. He has a good voice, an air of evident sincerity, great clearness and vigor of statement, and a way of knitting his arguments together so as to make a speech deepen its impression on the mind of the hearer until the climax is reached.

Of his industry and studious habits a great deal might be said, but a single illustration will have to suffice here. Once during the busiest part of a very busy session at Washington, says a friend, "I found him in his library behind a big barricade of books. This was no unusual sight, but when I glanced at the volumes I saw that they were all different editions of Horace, or books relating to that poet."

"I find I am overworked, and need recreation," said the General.

"Now, my theory is that the best way to rest the mind is not to let it be idle, but to put it at something quite outside the ordinary line of its employment. So I am resting by learning all the Congressional Library can show about Horace and the various editions and translations of his poems."

Through the contests of the Fortieth Congress with the President he was firmly on the radical side. His health was seriously impaired by his laborious discharge of public duties, and at the close of the summer session, by the advice of his physician, he sailed for Europe.

Since his first election Gen. Garfield has served consecutively in Congress, and has been the leader on the Republican side for the last five years; his speeches are among the most effective ever delivered by any man in any parliamentary body, and, while as a leader he has not been considered sufficiently aggressive, his advice has always been carefully heeded, and has been effectual in holding back the more radical of the Republicans.

Garfield on the Democracy—Extract from one of his Old Speeches—His Walk in the Democratic Graveyard.

The following is an extract from a speech delivered by Gen Garfield, August 4th, 1876, in the National House of Representatives:

Mr. Chairman: It is now time to inquire as to the fitness of this Democratic party to take control of our great nation and its vast and important interest for the next four years. I put the question to the gentleman from Mississippi (Mr. Lamar), what has the Democratic party done to merit that great trust? He tries to show in what respects it would

not be dangerous. I ask him to show in what it would be safe?

I affirm, and I believe I do not misrepresent the great Democratic party, that in the last sixteen years they have not advanced one great national idea that is not to-day exploded and as dead as Julius Cæsar. And if any Democrat here will rise and name a great national doctrine his party has advanced, within that time, that is now alive and believed in, I will yield to him. (A pause.) In default of an answer, I will attempt to prove my negative.

What were the great central doctrines of the Democratic party in the Presidential struggle of 1860? The followers of Breckenridge said slavery had a right to go wherever the Constitution goes. Do you believe that to-day? And is there a man on this continent that holds that doctrine to-day? Not one. That doctrine is dead and buried. The other wing of the Democracy held that slavery might be established in the Territories if the people wanted it. Does anybody hold that doctrine to-day? Dead, absolutely dead!

Come down to 1864. Your party, under the lead of Tilden and Vallandigham, declared the experiment of war to save the Union was a failure. Do you believe that doctrine to-day? That doctrine was shot to death by the guns of Farragut at Mobile, and driven, in a tempest of fire, from the valley of the Shenandoah by Sheridan, less than a month after its birth at Chicago.

Come down to 1868. You declared the constitutional amendments revolutionary and void. Does any man on this floor say so to-day? If so, let him rise and declare it.

Do you believe in the doctrine of the Broadhead letter of 1868, that the so-called constitutional amendments should be disregarded? No; the gentleman from Mississippi accepts the results of the war! The Democratic doctrine of 1868 is dead!

I walk across that Democratic camping-ground as in a graveyard. Under my feet resound the hollow echoes of the dead. There lies slavery, a black marble column at the head of its grave, on which I read: Died in the flames of the civil war; loved in its life; lamented in its death; followed to its bier by its only mourner, the Democratic party, but dead! And here is a double grave: sacred to the memory of squatter sovereignty. Died in the campaign of 1860. On the reverse side: Sacred to the memory of Dred Scott and the Breckenridge doctrine. Both dead at the hands of Abraham Lincoln! And here a monument of brimstone: Sacred to the memory of the rebellion; the war against it is a failure; *Tilden et Vallandigham fecerunt*, A. D. 1864. Dead on the field of battle; shot to death by the million guns of the Republic. The doctrine of secession; of State sovereignty, Dead. Expired in the flames of civil war, amid the blazing rafters of the confederacy, except that the modern *Aeneas*, fleeing out of the flames of that ruin, bears on his back another Anchises of State sovereignty, and brings it here in the person of the honorable gentleman from the Appomattox district of Virginia (Mr. Tucker). All else is dead!

Now, gentlemen, are you sad, are you sorry for these deaths? Are you not glad that secession is dead? that slavery is dead? that squatter sovereignty is dead? that the doctrine of the failure of the war is dead? Then you are glad that you were outvoted in 1860, in 1864, in 1868, and in 1872. If you have tears to shed over these losses, shed them in the grave-yard, but not in this House of living men. I know that many a Southern man rejoices that these issues are dead. The gentleman from Mississippi (Mr. Lamar) has clothed his joy with eloquence.

Now, gentlemen, if you yourselves are glad that you have suffered defeat during the last sixteen years, will you not

be equally glad when you suffer defeat next November? But pardon that remark; I regret it; I should use no bravado.

Now, gentlemen, come with me for a moment into the camp of the Republican party and review its career. Our central doctrine in 1860 was that slavery should never extend itself over another foot of American soil. Is that doctrine dead? It is folded away like a victorious banner; its truth is alive for evermore on this continent. In 1864 we declared that we would put down the rebellion and secession. And that doctrine lives, and will live when the second Centennial has arrived. Freedom, national, universal, and perpetual—our great constitutional amendments, are they alive or dead? Alive, thank the God that shields both liberty and union. And our national credit! saved from the assaults of Pendleton; saved from the assaults of those who struck it later, rising higher and higher at home and abroad: and only now in doubt lest its chief, its only enemy, the Democracy, should triumph in November.

Garfield's Speech at the Wisconsin Republican Re-union—Outlining the Condition of the Country.

At the Twenty-fifth Reunion of the Wisconsin Republicans, held at Madison, in July, 1879, Gen. Garfield spoke as follows:

This vast assembly must have richly enjoyed the review of the party's history presented here and celebrated here to-day, and not only a review of the past, but the hopeful promises made for the future of that great party. The Republican party, organized a quarter of a century ago, was made a necessity to carry out the pledges of the fathers that this should be a land of liberty.

There was in the early days of the Republic, a Republican party that dedicated this very territory, and all our vast territory, to freedom, that promised much for schools, that abolished imprisonment for debt, and that instituted many wise reforms. But there were many conservatives in those days, whose measures degenerated into treason; and the Republican party of to-day was but the revival of the Republican party of seventy years ago, under new and broader conditions of usefulness.

It is well to remember and honor the greatest names of the Republican party. One of these is Joshua R. Giddings, who for twenty years was freedom's champion in Congress, and, from a feeble minority of two, lived to see a Republican Speaker elected, and himself to conduct him to the chair. Another is Abraham Lincoln, the man raised up by God for a great mission. No man ever had a truer appreciation of the principles of the Declaration of Independence, that great charter which it was the mission of the Republican party to enforce.

There was a fitness in the first platform of the Wisconsin Republicans that they based themselves upon the Declaration of Independence. While the Republicans, from the first, have been true to their principles, perfecting all they promised, as proved to-day by the whole record, the Democrats, on the other hand, steadily wrong, have been forced from one bad position to another.

Can any Democrat point with pride to his party platforms of 1854, or find in them any living issue? The issues they then presented led us into war and involved us in a great National debt. Looking for the cause of that debt I say that the Democratic party caused it.

We are, as a Nation, emerging from difficulties, and the Republican party alone can probably claim that the brightest page of our country's history has been written by the

true friends of freedom and progress. The Republican party has yet work to do. We are confronted to-day in Congress by nearly the same spirit that prevailed in the years just before the war.

They tell us that the National Government is but the servant of the States; that we shall not interpose, as a Nation, to guarantee an honest election in a State; that if we will interpose, they will deny appropriations. Is this less dangerous than their position in 1861? Have we no interest except in local elections, no power to guard the ballot-box and protect ourselves against outrages upon it? Why does the South make this issue? I answer: They have a solid South, and only need to carry Ohio and New York to elect the President, and they trust to carry these States by the means they best know how to use.

There are sentimentalists and optimists who may see no danger in this. There had been sentimentalists and optimists in the Republican party, but to-day all were stalwarts. President Hayes, when he came into office, was an optimist, but he saw all his hopes of conciliation frustrated and all his advances met with scorn. We all now stand together on the issue as one.

**Garfield's Celebrated Speech at the Andersonville Reunion Held at Toledo,
Ohio, Oct. 3, 1879—How the General Looks "Without Gloves!"**

The following is the full text of Gen. Garfield's speech at the Andersonville reunion at Toledo on Oct. 3, 1879.

"**M**Y COMRADES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I have addressed a great many audiences, but I never before stood in the presence of one that I felt so wholly unworthy to speak to. A man who came through the war without being shot or made prisoner is almost out of place in such an assemblage as this.

While I have listened to you this evening I have remembered the words of the distinguished Englishman, who once said, 'that he was willing to die for his country.' Now to say that a man is willing to die for his country is a good deal, but these men who sit before us have said a great deal more than that. I would like to know where the man is that would calmly step out on the platform and say: 'I am ready to starve to death for my country.' That is an enormous thing to say, but there is a harder thing than that. Find a man, if you can, who will walk out before this audience and say: 'I am willing to become an idiot for my country.' How many men could you find who would volunteer to become idiots for their country?

Now let me make this statement to you, fellow-citizens: One hundred and eighty-eight thousand such men as this were captured by the rebels who were fighting our government. One hundred and eighty-eight thousand! How many is that? They tell me there are 4,500 men and women in this building to-night! Multiply this mighty audience by forty and you will have about 188,000. Forty times this great audience were prisoners of war to the enemies of our country. And to every man of that enormous company there stood open night and day the offer: 'If you will join the rebel army, and lift up your hand against your flag, you are free.'

A voice—"That's so."

Gen. Garfield—"And you shall have food, and you shall have clothing, and you shall see wife, and mother, and child."

A voice—"We didn't do it, though."

Gen. Garfield—"And do you know that out of that 188,000 there were less than 3,000 who accepted the offer? And of those 3,000, perhaps nine-tenths of them

did it with the mental reservation that they would desert at the first hour—the first moment there was an opportunity."

Voices—"That's so."

Gen. Garfield—"But 185,000 out of the 188,000 said: 'No! not to see wife again; not to see child again; not to avoid starvation; not to avoid idiocy; not to avoid the most loathsome of deaths, will I lift this hand against my country forever.' Now, we praise the ladies for their patriotism; we praise our good citizens at home for their patriotism; we praise the gallant soldiers who fought and fell. But what were all these things compared with that yonder? I bow in reverence. I would stand with undsandaled feet in the presence of such heroism and such suffering; and I would say to you, fellow-citizens, such an assemblage as this has never yet before met on this great earth.

"Who have reunions? I will not trench upon forbidden ground, but let me say this: Nothing on the earth and under the sky can call men together for reunions except ideas that have immortal truth and immortal life in them. The animals fight. Lions and tigers fight as ferociously as did you. Wild beasts tear to the death, but they never have reunions. Why? Because wild beasts do not fight for ideas. They merely fight for blood.

All these men, and all their comrades went out inspired by two immortal ideas.

First, that liberty shall be universal in America.

And, second, that this old flag is the flag of a Nation, and not of a State; that the Nation is supreme over all people and all corporations.

Call it a State; call it a section; call it a South; call it a North; call it anything you wish, and yet, armed with the nationality that God gave us, this is a Nation against all State-sovereignty and secession whatever. It is the

immortality of that truth that makes these reunions, and that makes this one. You believed it on the battle-field, you believed it in the hell of Andersonville, and you believe it to-day, thank God; and you will believe it to the last gasp."

Voices—"Yes, we will." "That's so," etc.

Gen. Garfield—"Well, now, fellow-citizens and fellow-soldiers—but I am not worthy to be your fellow in this work. I thank you for having asked me to speak to you. [Cries of 'Go on!' 'Go on!' 'Talk to us some more,' etc.]

I want to say simply that I have had one opportunity only to do you any service. I did hear a man who stood by my side in the halls of the legislation—the man that offered on the floor of Congress the resolution that any man who commanded colored troops should be treated as a pirate, and not as a soldier; as a slave-stealer, and not as a soldier—I heard that man calmly say, with his head up in the light, in the presence of this American people, that the Union soldiers were as well treated, and as kindly treated in all the Southern prisons as were the rebel soldiers in all the Northern prisons."

Voices—"Liar," "Liar!" "He was a liar."

Gen. Garfield—"I heard him declare that no kinder men ever lived than Gen. Winder and his Commander-in-Chief, Jeff Davis. [Yells of derision, hisses, etc.] And I took it upon myself to overwhelm him with the proof [a roll of applause begins], with the proof of the tortures you suffered, the wrongs done to you, were suffered and done with the knowledge of the Confederate authorities from Jefferson Davis down—[great applause, waving of hats, veterans standing in their chairs and cheering]—that it was a part of their policy to make you idiots and skeletons, and to exchange your broken and shattered bodies and dethroned minds for strong, robust, well-fed rebel prisoners.

That policy, I affirm, has never had its parallel for atrocity in the civilized world."

Voice—"That's so."

Gen. Garfield—"It was never heard of in any land since the dark ages closed upon the earth. While history lives men have memories. We can forgive and forget all other things before we can forgive and forget this."

Finally, and in conclusion, I am willing, for one—and I think I speak for thousands of others—I am willing to see all the bitterness of the late war buried in the grave of our dead. I would be willing that we should imitate the condescending, loving kindness of him who planted the green grass on the battlefields and let the fresh flowers bloom on all the graves alike. I would clasp hands with those who fought against us, make them my brethren, and forgive all the past, only on one supreme condition: that it be admitted in practice, acknowledged in theory, that the cause for which we fought, and you suffered, was and is, and forevermore will be right, eternally right."

[Unbounded enthusiasm.]

Voice—"That's it," "That's so," etc.

Gen. Garfield—"That the cause for which they fought was, and forever will be, the cause of treason and wrong. [Prolonged applause.] Until that is acknowledged my hand shall never grasp any rebel's hand across any chasm, however small." [Great applause and cheers.]



**Garfield's Great Speech at Columbus, Acknowledging His Election as
United States Senator.**

On the 14th of January, 1880, Gen. Garfield arrived in Columbus from Washington. He had that day been formally declared United States Senator from Ohio, his nomination by the Republican Legislative caucus having taken place the week before. In an informal reception which took place in the Hall of the House of Representatives during the evening, the General made the following admirable speech:

FELLOW CITIZENS: I should be a great deal more than a man, or a great deal less than a man, if I were not extremely gratified by this mark of your kindness you have shown me in recent days. I did not expect any such a meeting as this. I knew there was a greeting awaiting me, but did not expect so cordial, generous, and general a greeting without distinction of party, without distinction of interests, as I have received to-night. And you will allow me, in a moment or two, to speak of the memories this Chamber awakens.

Twenty years ago this last week I first entered this Chamber and entered upon the duties of public life, in which I have been every hour since that time in some capacity or other. I left this Chamber eighteen years ago, and I believe I have never entered it since that time. But the place is familiar, though it was peopled not with the faces that I see before me here to-night alone, but with the faces of hundreds of people that I knew here twenty years ago, a large number of whom are gone from earth.

It was here in this Chamber that the word was first brought of the firing on Fort Sumter. I remember distinctly a gentleman from Lancaster, the late Senator Schleigh—Gen. Schleigh, who died not very long ago—I remember distinctly as he came down this aisle, with all the

look of agony and anxiety in his face, informing us that the guns had opened upon Sumter. I remember that one week after that time, on motion of a leading Democratic Senator, who occupied a seat not far from that position (pointing to the Democratic side of the Chamber), that we surrendered this Chamber to several companies of soldiers, who had come to Columbus to tender their services to the imperiled Government. They slept on its carpets and on these sofas, and quartered for two or three nights in this Chamber while waiting for other quarters outside of the Capitol.

All the early scenes of the War are associated with this place in my mind. Here were the musterings—here was the center, the nerve center, of anxiety and agony. Here over 80,000 Ohio citizens tendered their services in the course of three weeks to the imperiled nation. Here, where we had been fighting our political battles with sharp and severe partisanship, there disappeared, almost as if by magic, all party lines; and from both sides of the Chamber men went out to take their places on the field of battle. I can see [now, as I look out over the various seats, where sat men who afterward became distinguished in the service in high rank, and nobly served their constituency and honored themselves.

We now come to this place, while so many are gone; but we meet here to-night with the war so far back in the distance that it is an almost half-forgotten memory. We meet here to-night with a nation redeemed. We meet here to-night under the flag we fought for. We meet with a glorious, a great and growing Republic, made greater and more glorious by the sacrifices through which the country has passed. And coming here as I do to-night brings the two ends of twenty years together, with all the visions of the terrible and glorious, the touching and cheerful, that have occurred during that time.

I came here to-night, fellow-citizens, to thank this General Assembly for their great act of confidence and compliment to me. I do not undervalue the office that you have tendered to me yesterday and to-day; but I say, I think, without any mental reservation, that the manner in which it was tendered to me is far higher to me, far more desirable, than the thing itself. That it has been a voluntary gift of the General Assembly of Ohio, without solicitation, tendered to me because of their confidence, is as touching and as high a tribute as one man can receive from his fellow-citizens, and in the name of all my friends, for myself, I give you my thanks.

I recognize the importance of the place to which you have elected me; and I should be base if I did not also recognize the great man whom you have elected me to succeed. I say for him, Ohio has had few larger-minded, broader-minded men in the records of our history than that of Allen G. Thurman. Differing widely from him, as I have done in politics, and do, I recognize him as a man high in character and great intellect; and I take this occasion to refer to what I have never before referred to in public: that many years ago, in the storm of party fighting, when the air was filled with all sorts of missles aimed at the character and reputation of public men, when it was even for his party interest to join the general clamor against me and my associates, Senator Thurman said in public, in the campaign, on the stump—when men are as likely to say unkind things as at any place in the world—a most generous and earnest word of defense and kindness for me which I shall never forget so long as I live. I say, moreover, that the flowers that bloom over the garden wall of party politics are the sweetest and most fragrant that bloom in the gardens of this world; and where we can fairly pluck them and enjoy their fragrance, it is manly and delightful to do so.

And now, gentlemen of the General Assembly, without

distinction of party, I recognize this tribute and compliment paid to me to-night. Whatever my own course may be in the future, a large share of the inspiration of my future public life will be drawn from this occasion and these surroundings, and I shall feel anew the sense of obligation that I feel to the State of Ohio. Let me venture to point a single sentence in regard to that work. During the twenty years that I have been in public life, almost eighteen of it in the Congress of the United States, I have tried to do one thing. Whether I was mistaken or otherwise, it has been the plan of my life to follow my conviction at whatever personal cost to myself.

I have represented for many years a district in Congress; whose approbation I greatly desired; but though it may seem, perhaps, a little egotistical to say it, I yet desired still more the approbation of one person, and his name was Garfield. He is the only man that I am compelled to sleep with, and eat with, and live with, and die with; and if I could not have his approbation I should have bad companionship. And in this larger constituency which has called me to represent them now, I can only do what is true to my best self, applying the same rule.

• And if I should be so unfortunate as to lose the confidence of this larger constituency, I must do what every other fair-minded man has to do—carry his political life in his hand and would take the consequences. But I must follow what seems to me to be the only safe rule of my life; and with that view of the cose, and with that much personal reference, I leave that subject.

Thanking you again, fellow-citizens, members of the General Assembly, Republicans as well as Democrats—all, party men as I am—thank you both for what you have done and for this cordial and manly greeting, I bid you good-night.

Gen. Garfield on the Floor of the Great Chicago Convention—Full Text of
His Eloquent Speech Nominating John Sherman For President—
Delivered June 5, 1880.

It was after full fifteen minutes of applause for a preceding candidate, in an assembly of 15,000 souls, that Gen. Garfield arose and calmly addressed the Convention at Chicago as follows:

“Mr. President: I have witnessed the extraordinary scenes of this Convention with deep solicitude. No emotion touches my heart more quickly than a sentiment in honor of a great and noble character. But as I sat on these seats and witnessed these demonstrations, it seemed to me you were a human ocean in a tempest. I have seen the sea lashed into fury and tossed into a spray, and its grandeur moves the soul of the dullest man. But I remember that it is not the billows, but the calm level of the sea from which all heights and depths are measured. When the storm has passed and the hour of calm settles on the ocean, when sunshine bathes its smooth surface, then the astronomer and surveyor takes the level from which he measures all terrestrial heights and depths. Gentlemen of the Convention, your present temper may not mark the healthful pulse of the people.

“When our enthusiasm has passed, when the emotions of this hour have subsided, we shall find the calm level of public opinion, below the storm, from which the thoughts of a mighty people are to be measured, and by which their final action will be determined. Not here, in this brilliant circle, where 15,000 men and women are assembled, is the destiny of the Republic to be decreed; not here, where I see the enthusiastic faces of 756 delegates waiting to cast their votes into the urn and determine the choice of their party; but by 5,000,000 Republican firesides, where the thoughtful fathers, with wives and children about them,

with the calm thoughts inspired by love of home and love of country, with the history of the past, the hopes of the future, and the knowledge of the great men who have adorned and blessed our Nation in days gone by,—there God prepares the verdict that shall determine the wisdom of our work to-night. Not in Chicago, in the heat of June, but in the sober quiet that comes between now and November, in the silence of deliberate judgment, will this great question be settled. Let us aid them to-night.

“But now, gentlemen of the Convention, what do we want? Bear with me a moment. Hear me for this cause, and, for a moment, be silent that you may hear. Twenty-five years ago this Republic was wearing a triple chain of bondage. Long familiarity with the traffic in the body and souls of men had paralyzed the consciences of a majority of our people. The baleful doctrine of State sovereignty had shocked and weakened the noblest and most beneficent powers of the National Government, and the grasping power of slavery was seizing the virgin Territories of the West and dragging them into the den of eternal bondage. At that crisis the Republican party was born. It drew its first inspiration from the fire of liberty which God has lighted in every man’s heart, and which all the powers of ignorance and tyranny can never wholly extinguish. The Republican party came to deliver and save the Republic. It entered the arena when the beleaguered and assailed Territories were struggling for freedom, and drew around them the sacred circle of liberty, which the demon of slavery has never dared to cross. It made them free forever.

“Strengthened by its victory on the frontier, the young party, under the leadership of that great man, who, on this spot, twenty years ago, was made its leader, entered the National Capital and assumed the high duties of the Gov-

ernment. The light which shone from its banner dispelled the darkness in which slavery had enshrouded the Capitol and melted the shackles of every slave, and consumed, in the fire of liberty, every slave-pen within the shadow of the Capitol. Our National industries, by an impoverishing policy, were themselves prostrated, and the streams of revenue flowed in such feeble currents that the Treasury itself was well nigh empty. The money of the people was the wretched notes of 2,000 uncontrolled and irresponsible State bank corporations, which were filling the country with a circulation that poisoned rather than sustained the life of business.

"The Republican party changed all this. It abolished the babel of confusion and gave the country a currency as national as its flag, based upon the sacred faith of the people. It threw its protecting arm around our great industries, and they stood erect as with new life. It filled with the spirit of true nationality all the great functions of the Government. It confronted a rebellion of unexampled magnitude, with a slavery behind it, and, under God, fought the final battle of liberty until victory was won. Then, after the storms of battle, were heard the sweet, calm words of peace uttered by the conquering Nation, and saying to the conquered foe that lay prostrate at its feet : 'This is our only revenge, that you join us in lifting to the serene firmament of the Constitution, to shine like stars forever and forever, the immortal principles of truth and justice, that all men, white or black, shall be free and stand equal before the law.' Then came the questions of reconstruction, the public debt, and the public faith.

"In the settlement of these questions the Republican party has completed its twenty-five years of glorious existence, and it has sent us here to prepare it for another lustrum of duty and of victory. How shall we

do this great work? We cannot do it, my friends, by assailing our Republican brethren. God forbid that I should say one word to cast a shadow upon any name on the roll of our heroes. This coming fight is our Thermopylæ. We are standing upon a narrow isthmus. If our Spartan hosts are united we can withstand all the Persians that the Xerxes of Democracy can bring against us.

Let us hold our ground this one year, for the stars in their courses fight for us in the future. The census to be taken this year will bring reinforcements and continued power. But in order to win this victory now, we want the vote of every Republican, of every Grant Republican in America, of every Blaine man and every anti-Blaine man. The vote of every follower of every candidate is needed to make our success certain; therefore, I say gentlemen and brethren, we are here to calmly counsel together, and inquire what we shall do. A voice: 'Nominate Garfield.' [Great applause.]

"We want a man whose life and opinions embody all the achievements of which I have spoken. We want a man who, standing on a mountain height, sees all the achievements of our past history, and carries in his heart the memory of all its glorious deeds, and who, looking forward, prepares to meet the labor and the dangers to come. We want one who will act in no spirit of unkindness toward those we lately met in battle. The Republican party offers to our brethren of the South the olive branch of peace, and wishes them to return to brotherhood, on this supreme condition—that it shall be admitted, forever and forever more, that, in the war for the Union, we were right and they were wrong. [Cheers.] On that supreme condition we meet them as brethren, and no other. We ask them to share with us the blessings and honors of this great Republic.

"Now, gentlemen, not to weary you, I am about to pre-

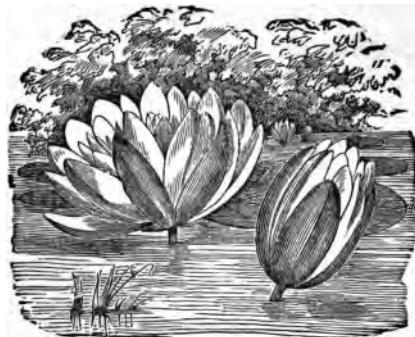
sent a name for your consideration—the name of a man who was the comrade, and associate, and friend of nearly all those noble dead whose faces look down upon us from these walls to-night [cheers]; a man who began his career of public service twenty-five years ago, whose first duty was courageously done in the days of peril on the plains of Kansas, when the first red drops of that bloody shower began to fall which finally swelled into the deluge of war. He bravely stood by young Kansas then, and, returning to his duty in the National Legislature, through all subsequent time his pathway has been marked by labors performed in every department of legislation.

You ask for his monuments. I point you to twenty-five years of the national statutes. Not one great beneficent statute has been placed on our statute books without his intelligent and powerful aid. He aided these men to formulate the laws that raised our great armies and carried us through the war. His hand was seen in the workmanship of those statutes that restored and brought back the unity and married calm of the States. His hand was in all that great legislation that created the war currency, and in a greater work that redeemed the promises of the government, and made the currency equal to gold. And when, at last called from the halls of legislation into a high executive office, he displayed that experience, intelligence, firmness, and poise of character which has carried us through a stormy period of three years. With one-half the public press crying ‘Crucify him!’ and a hostile Congress seeking to prevent success—in all this he remained unmoved until victory crowned him.

The great fiscal affairs of the nation and the great business interests of the country he has guarded and preserved, while executing the law of resumption, and

effecting its object, without a jar, and against the false prophecies of one-half of the press and all the Democracy of this Continent. He has shown himself able to meet with calmness the great emergencies of the government for twenty-five years. He has trodden the perilous heights of public duty, and against all the shafts of malice has borne his breast unharmed. He has stood in the blaze of "that fierce light that beats against the throne," but its fiercest ray has found no flaw in his armor, no stain on his shield.

I do not present him as a better Republican, or as a better man than thousands of others we honor, but I present him for your deliberate consideration. I nominate John Sherman, of Ohio.



THE NOMINATION.

Comparative Statement of Ballots.

The number of ballots cast at Chicago is by no means unprecedented. In 1852 General Scott was nominated on the fifty-third, and Géneral Pierce on the forty-ninth ballot. The ill-omened Charleston Convention in 1860 cast fifty-seven ineffectual ballots, and went to pieces without nominating anybody. No Republican Convention, however, has ever cast as many ballots as were recorded at Chicago. Fremont was nominated on the first ballot, Lincoln on the third for his first term and on the first for his second term,



[Exposition Building, in which was held the National Republican Convention of 1860.]

Grant on the first for each term, Greeley on the sixth, and Hayes on the seventh. The first National Convention ever held in the United States nominated Henry Clay in 1831. William Wirt, Mr. Van Buren, General Harrison and Mr. Clay were subsequently nominated on the first ballot. Mr. Polk required nine, General Cass four, James Buchanan seventeen, and Horatio Seymour twenty-two ballots.

At the Chicago Convention Gen. Garfield received 399 votes on the thirty-sixth ballot. Up to the thirty-fourth, his highest number was two. The following tables show the essential points connected with Garfield's nomination:

THE BREAK TO GARFIELD—THIRTY-FOURTH BALLOT.

STATES AND TERRITORIES.	Grant.	Blaine.	Sherman.	Edmunds.	Windom.	Washburne.	Garfield.
Alabama.....	16	4					
Arkansas.....	12	12					
California.....							
Colorado.....	6	3					
Connecticut.....		6					
Delaware.....							
Florida.....	8						
Georgia.....	8	9	5				
Illinois.....	24	10	2				
Indiana.....	2	20					
Iowa.....		22					
Kansas.....	4	6					
Kentucky.....	20	1	3				
Louisiana.....	8	4	4				
Maine.....		14					
Maryland.....	7	2	7				
Massachusetts.....	4		21				
Michigan.....	1	21					
Minnesota.....		6					
Mississippi.....	8	4	3				
Missouri.....	29				4		
Nebraska.....							
Nevada.....		6					
New Hampshire.....		10					
New Jersey.....		14	2				
New York.....	50	18	2				
North Carolina.....	6		14				
Ohio.....		9	34	1			
Oregon.....		6					
Pennsylvania.....	35	22					
Rhode Island.....		8					
South Carolina.....	11	1	2				
Tennessee.....	17	4	3				
Texas.....	13	1	1				
Vermont.....							
Virginia.....	16	3	3				
West Virginia.....	1	8	1				
Wisconsin.....	2	1					
Arizona.....		2					
Dakota.....	1	1					
District of Columbia.....	1	1					
Idaho.....		2					
Montana.....		2					
New Mexico.....		2					
Utah.....	1	1					
Washington.....		2					
Wyoming.....	1	1					
Total.....	312	275	107	11	4	29	18

THE NOMINATION

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THIRTY-FIFTH BALLOT.

STATES AND TERRITORIES.	Grant.	Blaine.	Sherman.	Edmunds.	Windom.	Washburne.	Garfield.
Alabama.....	16	4					
Arkansas.....	12						
California.....		12					
Colorado.....	6						
Connecticut.....		3					
Delaware.....		6					
Florida.....	8						
Georgia.....	8	9	5				
Illinois.....	24	10					
Indiana.....	1	2					
Iowa.....		22					
Kansas.....	4	6					
Kentucky.....	20	1	3				
Louisiana.....	8	4	4				
Maine.....		14					
Maryland.....	7	3	2				4
Massachusetts.....	4		21			1	
Michigan.....	1	21					
Minnesota.....	1	6					
Mississippi.....	8	4	3				
Missouri.....	29						
Nebraska.....		6					
Nevada.....		6					
New Hampshire.....		10					
New Jersey.....		14	2				
New York.....	50	18	2				
North Carolina.....	6		13				1
Ohio.....		9	34	1			
Oregon.....		6					
Pennsylvania.....	36	20				1	1
Rhode Island.....		8					
South Carolina.....	11	1	2				
Tennessee.....	17	4	3	10			
Texas.....	13	1	1				
Vermont.....							
Virginia.....	16	3	3				
West Virginia.....	1	8	1				
Wisconsin.....	2	2					
Arizona.....		2					
Dakota.....	1	1					
District of Columbia	1	1					
Idaho.....		2					
Montana.....		2					
New Mexico.....		2					
Utah.....	1	1					
Washington.....		2					
Wyoming.....	1	1					
Totals.....	313	257	99	11	3	23	50

THIRTY-SIXTH AND LAST BALLOT—GARFIELD NOMINATED.

STATES AND TERRITORIES.	No. of votes.	Grant.	Blaine.	Sherman.	Washburne.	Garfield.
Alabama.....	20	16	4			
Arkansas.....	12	12				
California.....	12		12			
Colorado.....	6	6				
Connecticut.....	12		1			
Delaware.....	6		6			
Florida.....	8	8		3		
Georgia.....	22	8	10		5	1
Illinois.....	42	24	6			7
Indiana.....	30	1				29
Iowa.....	22					22
Kansas.....	10	4				6
Kentucky.....	24	20	1			3
Louisiana.....	16	8				8
Maine.....	14					14
Maryland.....	16	6				10
Massachusetts.....	26	4				22
Michigan.....	22	1				21
Minnesota.....	10	2				8
Mississippi.....	16	7				9
Missouri.....	30	29				1
Nebraska.....	6					6
Nevada.....	6	2	1			3
New Hampshire.....	10					10
New Jersey.....	18					18
New York.....	70	50				20
North Carolina.....	20	5				15
Ohio*.....	43					43
Oregon.....	6					6
Pennsylvania.....	58	37				21
Rhode Island.....	8					8
South Carolina.....	14	8				6
Tennessee.....	24	15	1			8
Texas.....	16	18				3
Vermont.....	10					10
Virginia.....	22	19				3
West Virginia.....	10	1				9
Wisconsin.....	20					20
Arizona.....	2					2
Dakota.....	2					2
District of Columbia.....	2					2
Idaho.....	2					2
Montana.....	2					2
New Mexica.....	2					2
Utah.....	2					2
Washington.....	2					2
Wyoming.....	2					2
Totals.....	755	306	42	3	5	399

*Gen. Garfield not voting.

THE NOMINATION.

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SUMMARY.

BALLOT.	Grant.	Blaine.	Sherman.	Washburne.	Edmunds.	Windom.	Garfield.	Hayes.	Harrison.	McCrary.	Davis, of Texas.	Hartranft, of Pa.
1.....	304	284	93	30	34	10	1					
2.....	305	282	94	31	32	10	1					
3.....	305	282	93	31	32	10	1					
4.....	305	281	95	31	32	10	1					
5.....	305	281	95	31	32	10	1					
6.....	305	280	95	31	32	10	2					
7.....	305	281	94	31	32	10	2					
8.....	306	284	91	32	31	10	1					
9.....	308	282	90	32	31	10	2					
10.....	305	282	92	33	31	10	1					
11.....	305	281	93	32	31	10	2	1				
12.....	304	283	92	33	31	10	1	1				
13.....	305	285	89	33	31	10	1	1				
14.....	305	285	89	35	31	10						
15.....	309	281	88	36	31	10						
16.....	306	283	88	36	31	10						
17.....	303	284	90	36	31	10						
18.....	305	283	91	35	31	10						
19.....	305	279	96	32	31	10	1					
20.....	308	276	93	35	31	10	1					
21.....	305	276	96	35	31	10	1					
22.....	305	275	97	35	31	10	1					
23.....	304	275	97	36	31	10	2					
24.....	305	279	93	35	31	10	2					
25.....	302	281	94	35	31	10	2					
26.....	303	280	93	36	31	10	2					
27.....	306	277	93	36	31	10	2					
28.....	307	279	91	35	31	10	2					
29.....	305	278	116	35	12	7	2					
30.....	306	279	120	33	11	4	2					
31.....	308	276	118	37	11	3	1					
32.....	309	270	117	44	11	3	1					
33.....	309	276	110	44	11	4	1					
34.....	312	275	107	30	11	4	17					
35.....	313	257	99	23	11	3	50					
36.....	306	42	3	5		399						

Enthusiasm on Fire—Making the Nomination of Gen. Garfield Unanimous at the Chicago Republican Convention—Speeches of Messrs. Conkling, Logan, Beaver, Hale, Pleasants, and Harrison.

Immediately after Gen. Garfield had received the 399 votes of the Chicago Convention, it was the desire of the body to make his nomination unanimous. This was effected amid the greatest enthusiasm, and called forth the following brief and eloquent speeches:

SENATOR CONKLING, OF NEW YORK.

MR. CHAIRMAN—James A. Garfield, of Ohio, having received a majority of all the votes cast, I rise to move that he be unanimously presented as the nominee of this Convention. The Chair, under the rules, anticipates my motion, and being on my feet, I avail myself of the opportunity to congratulate the Republican party upon the good-natured and the well-tempered rivalry which has distinguished this animated contest. Well, gentlemen, I would speak louder, but having sat under the cool wind of these windows, I feel myself unable to. I was in the act to say, Mr. Chairman, that I trust that the zeal, the fervor, and now the unanimity seen in the Convention will be transplanted to the field of the conflict, and that all of us who have borne a part against each other will find ourselves with equal zeal bearing the banner, and with equal zeal carrying the lance of the Republican party into the ranks of the enemy.

SENATOR LOGAN, OF ILLINOIS.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION—We are to be congratulated that we have arrived at a conclusion in reference to presenting the name of a candidate to become the standard-bearer of the Republican party for President of the United States. In union and harmony there is strength. Whatever may have transpired in this Convention that may have momentarily marred the feel-

ings of any one here, I hope that in our conclusion it will pass from our minds. I, sir, with the friends of, I think, one of the grandest men that ever graced the face of the earth [applause] stood ever here to fight a friendly battle in favor of his nomination. But, sir, the Convention has chosen another leader. The men who stood by Grant's banners will be seen in the front of this contest on every field. We will go forward, sir, not with tied hands, not with sealed lips, not with bridled tongues, but to speak the truth in favor of the grandest party that has ever been organized in this country, to maintain its principles, maintain its power, and to preserve its ascendancy. And sir, with the leader you have selected, my judgment is victory will perch upon our banners. I, sir, as one of the representatives from the State of Illinois, second the nomination of James A. Garfield, of Ohio, and I hope it may be made unanimous.

GEN. BEAVER, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The State of Pennsylvania having had the honor of first naming in this Convention the gentleman who has been nominated as the standard-bearer of the Republican party in the approaching national contest, I rise, sir, to second the motion which has been made to make that nomination unanimous, and to assure this Convention and the people of this country that Pennsylvania is heartily in accord with this nomination; that she gives her full concurrence to it, and that this country may expect from her the best majority that has been given for a Presidential candidate in many years.

MR. HALE, OF MAINE.

MR. PRESIDENT: In returning heartfelt thanks to the men in this convention who have aided us in the fight that we have made for the Senator from Maine, and speaking, as I know that I do, for them here, I say this most heartily:



We have not gotten the man that we came to nominate, but we have got a man in whom we have the greatest and most perfect confidence. [Cheers.] The nominee of this convention is no new or untried man, and in that respect no dark horse. When he came here representing his State in the front of that delegation, and was seen here, every man knew him before that, and because of our faith in him, and because we were in that emergency glad to help make him the candidate of the Republicans for President of the United States, because of these things I stand here to pledge the Blaine forces of this convention to earnest effort from now until the ides of November, that shall make Jas. A. Garfield the next President of the United States.

MR. W. H. PLEASANTS, OF VIRGINIA.

MR. CHAIRMAN: As New York, Illinois, and Maine, along with Pennsylvania, have spoken, I stand here probably occupying a peculiar (but most rightly so) position to that of the majority of the people of this convention. I came here, sir, from Virginia, instructed by the State Convention to vote for that peculiar and most distinguished man, the most renowned in the world, Ulysses S. Grant, and I have proved it sincere here; I have been standing upon this floor, and upon all occasions casting my vote to the last for that man. But, sir, as the convention has thought best to nominate James A. Garfield, of Ohio, for President of the Unithd States, it may not be that we can promise you Virginia, but we can promise you this, as humble men, and as men who have on all occasions shown their devotion to the Republican principles of the country; men who, as Virginia Republicans, on one occasion, gave the electoral vote of Virginia to Ulysses S. Grant; and while a division exists in the Republican party of that State, we hope in November next to return your



nominee. Although it was said that we had all to receive and nothing to give, we now receive James A. Garfield, and will endeavor to give him Virginia. I, for one—and I speak for this delegation, and for every Republican in the State—second the nomination of James A. Garfield, and the motion to make the vote unanimous.

BEN HARRISON, OF INDIANA.

I am not in very good voice to address the convention. Indiana has been a little noisy within the last hour, and, though the Chairman of this delegation, I forgot myself so much as to abuse my voice. I should not have detained the convention to add any word to what has been said in a spirit of such commendable harmony over this nomination, if it had not been for the over partiality of my friends from Kentucky, with whom we have had a good deal of pleasant intercourse. They insist, sirs, as I am the only defeated candidate for the Presidency on the floor of this convention, having received one vote from some misguided friend from Pennsylvania, who, unfortunately for me, didn't have staying qualities, and dropped out on the next ballot. I want to say to the Ohio delegation that they may carry to their distinguished citizen who has received the nomination at the hands of this convention my encouraging support. I bear him no malice at all. But, Mr. Chairman, I will defer my speeches until the campaign is hot, and then, on every stump in Indiana, and wherever else my voice can help on this great Republican cause to victory I hope to be found.



**Gen. Garfield En Route for Home After His Nomination for President—
From Illinois to Ohio—Incidents and Welcomes by the Way.**

The first emotions of surprise being past, General Garfield bore the fresh penalties of greatness with equanimity and apparently with some sense of enjoyment. From the moment his nomination became assured, he was made the recipient of such exuberant and spontaneous honors as loyal crowds in this republic delight to bestow upon their favorites. The music of brass bands announced his first appearance in the office of the hotel in Chicago, as he came from his room, clad for his journey to his Ohio home. A band and hundreds of people accompanied him to the depot, where a great crowd had gathered to wish him God-speed to his home, and hence through the campaign to the White House. When he arrived at the depot, there was great cheering and waving of hats.

General Garfield came to Cleveland in a special car, accompanied by a number of intimate personal friends, among whom were Gov. Charles Foster, of Ohio; S. T. Everett, President of the Second National Bank of Cleveland; Gen. Joseph Barrett, an old military friend of Gen. Garfield, he having been Chief of Artillery in the armies of Rosecrans and Thomas; Col. D. G. Swain, Judge Advocate of the United States Army, formerly Adjutant of the 42d Ohio Volunteers (Garfield's regiment); Lieutenant-Colonel L. A. Sheldon, Mayor W. H. Williams, and Capt. Charles T. Henry, all of whom were also officers of Garfield's regiment; I. F. Mack, of the *Ohio Register*, Sandusky; W. B. Sherman, J. W. Tyler, and Major Eggleston, of Cleveland, were also with Gen. Garfield.

Once out of the din of Chicago, Gen. Garfield and his friends lighted their cigars and passed the hours in conning over the stirring events of the past week reading congratulatory dispatches, and in a casual way discussing the politi-

cal outlook. Gen. Garfield gave brief expression to his gratification at the touching incidents of the last twenty-four hours which had brought out so many evidences of the universal appreciation in which his public services are held, and mentioned feelingly the handsome compliment paid him by the House of Representatives in Washington. Gov. Foster alluded jokingly to the popular impression that he may be Gen. Garfield's successor in Senatorial honors, saying that he was already filling Garfield's shoes, having had his own stolen at the hotel in Chicago, and been compelled to accept the loan of a pair of these needful articles from the General.

At Laporte, Ind., the first stopping place of any consequence, many hundreds of people, with a brass band, had collected to salute Gen. Garfield as he passed. Gov. Foster made a brief speech introducing Gen. Garfield, when there were deafening cheers from the multitude. Gen. Sheldon followed, briefly telling the story of Chicago. At South Bend the scene was repeated, but with a larger crowd, and of course louder cheering. All along the route, at the hamlets through which the train passed without stopping, and even at farm houses, people gathered and gazed and cheered in one continued outburst.

INDIANA'S WELCOME.

At Elkhart, Ind., where the train made a stop for dinner, a brass band led the way along the railroad platform to the dining room, and after dinner it headed the column on its return to the cars. At Goshen hundreds of people were waiting with a gun mounted on a log, the first discharge from which dismounted the piece; but the crowd made up in enthusiasm for this mishap.

At Ligonier the ceremonial of introduction was somewhat varied, Gen. Garfield getting ahead and introducing Gov. Charlie Foster to the crowd of an unnamed water sta-

tion, where a dozen men and boys—apparently the whole male population — had gathered. Several of the latter climbed aboard the car, inquiring for the coming man. Gen. Garfield was pointed out, and bowed.

“ Hallo! ” shouted the delighted spokesman of the assemblage, as the train moved away, “ We’ll support you.”

At Kendallville the ladies of the village were largely represented in the greeting crowd, several of them bearing bouquets for presentation to the man they had assembled to honor. At Waterloo and Butler, the last two stopping places in Indiana, the scenes enacted at the stations previously passed were repeated. All along the lines crowds had been growing larger proportionately to the size of the towns, and the salutations were enthusiastic.

IN OHIO.

Crossing the line into Ohio, at Edgerton the greetings, of course, suffered no diminution in point of numbers or enthusiasm, but fewer opportunities were offered for giving expression to the public feeling than in Indiana. Everywhere the people, it was reported, were wild with enthusiasm.

At Bryan an affecting incident occurred. Mr. William Letcher, an old gentleman, a cousin of Gen. Garfield, between whom and himself exist ties of tender friendship, came on the car, prepared with a brief little speech of congratulation. He was so overcome with emotion, however, that he could only ejaculate, “ Cousin James,” and burst into tears. A friend recalled the fact that Mr. Letcher had held Gen. Garfield when a baby in his arms at the funeral of his father.

CONGRATULATIONS.

The following are a few of the hundreds of congratulatory telegrams received by Gen. Garfield during the day:

Prof. Simon Newcombe, the astronomer at Washington,

"Thousand congratulations on the success of the office in finding the man."

J. B. Dinsmore, Captain of "The Garfield Guards, Sutton, Nebraska:" "Gen. Garfield's Guards were organized to-night, with forty-eight members. Great enthusiasm; torchlight procession and ratification meeting."

William R. Johnson and 600 others, Ann Arbor, Mich.: "The students of the University of Michigan send congratulations."

A. S. Stratton, Mayor of Madison, Lake county (Gen. Garfield's own county), Ohio: "Madison sends greetings; immense enthusiasm; cannon, bonfires, speeches, and cheers."

Frederick W. Pitkin, Chairman, and K. G. Cooper, Secretary, Denver, Col.: "At an enthusiastic ratification meeting of the Republicans of Denver, held this evening, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, By the Republicans of Denver in mass meeting assembled, that we heartily endorse the nomination of James A. Garfield and Chester A. Arthur, and we pledge the State of Colorado for the Chicago nominations with 5,000 majority."

Thomas H. Wilson, member of the General Assembly, Youngstown, Ohio: "Youngstown ablaze. Your friends have been hoping for just such a result, although appreciating the delicacy of your situation. The party has honored and saved itself."

Eli H. Murray, an old friend of Gen. Garfield's, now Governor of Utah: "Telegrams assure me that I was right in naming you President. God bless you."

Garfield's Informal Acceptance of the Nomination—His Sense of the Responsibility.

Near midnight, in Chicago, June 9th, 1880, the Committee appointed by Senator Hoar to wait on Generals Garfield and Arthur and notify them of their nomination, found them in the club room of the Grand Pacific Hotel, and Senator Hoar, as Chairman, made an appropriate speech.

Gen. Garfield replied :

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN : I assure you that the information you have officially given to me brings the sense of very grave responsibility, and especially so in view of the fact that I was a member of your body, a fact that could not have existed with propriety had I had the slightest expectation that my name would be connected with the nomination for the office. I have felt with you great solicitude concerning the situation of our party during the struggle; but, believing that you are correct in assuring me that substantial unity has been reached in the conclusion, it gives me a gratification far greater than any personal pleasure your announcement can bring.

I accept the trust committed to my hands. As to the work of our party, and as to the character of the campaign to be entered upon, I will take an early occasion to reply more fully than I can properly do to-night.

I thank you for the assurances of confidence and esteem you have presented to me, and hope we shall see our future as promising as are indications to-night.

Senator Hoar, in the same manner, presented the nomination to General Arthur, who accepted it in a brief and informal way.

**How the News of Garfield's Nomination was Received at Hiram College
—Ringing the Old Bell.**

When the news was received at Hiram College, where Garfield had been a school boy, Professor and President, the College bell, which Garfield used to ring for his tuition, was wildly rung, and the people came running from every part of the little town built around the College Square, to gather under the old bell to clasp hands and shout their joy.

Everybody who went to school with Garfield; every pupil who remembers him as a rigid disciplinarian, but as the first and strongest on the ball ground, where he spent many hours with his scholars; every soldier who went to the war in the old Forty-Second, and all the people of this little town, who have lived here in the same houses thirty years, when as a youth he came among them, all and each loved Garfield; and as there were many representatives of each class, we can imagine the character of the occasion.

**First Vote for Garfield in the Chicago Convention—The Man Who Gave it
Voted for Zachary Taylor and Abraham Lincoln Under Like
Circumstances.**

A prominent gentleman who, in speaking of the incidents of the Chicago Convention, which nominated Gen. Garfield, said that the Pennsylvanian who cast the first and only vote which Gen. Garfield received for several ballots was Caleb N. Taylor, a delegate from the Bucks District.

This gentleman says that while in Chicago he met Mr. Taylor, who was well known to him, he having been a Representative in Congress for several terms, and a person who, though a Quaker, always took a great interest in public affairs, but was exceedingly deaf.

Mr. Taylor accosted this gentleman in one of the corri-

dors of the Palmer House and remarked that he expected to cast the first vote for the man who would be nominated. He declined to mention his name, but added that if he watched his vote he would discover who this gentleman was.

Mr. Taylor then mentioned several instances in his experience. He stated that, in 1848, his constituents sent him to Harrisburg with instructions to vote as they had directed, but against this verdict he had cast his vote for Zachary Taylor, and for some time his was the only vote he received, and Taylor was subsequently nominated. In 1860 he was again sent to the National Convention at Chicago, with instructions how he should vote.

He again disregarded these instructions and cast his first vote for Abraham Lincoln, who was nominated. Mr. Taylor, in the late Chicago Convention, as already stated, cast his first vote for Garfield, who was also nominated.



What Prominent Foreign-Born Citizens Say of the Convention—They Declare it Positively American.

The following opinions of intelligent foreign-born citizens, respecting the Republican Convention at Chicago, which nominated Gen. Garfield for President, are exceedingly interesting, and to the point:

OPINION OF EX-LIEUT.-GOV. MULLER.

Whoever has studied the history of the ancients, and by its aid and lights has formed an idea of the imposing magnificence of the peoples' mass-meetings as they were held in the classic times of Greece and the Roman Empire for the purpose of listening to lectures, political and other matter-of-State discussions, witnessing public plays or gladiatorial contests, can find in the picture developed be-

fore my eyes in this Republican National Convention an approaching counterpart.

Ten thousand stalwart men filled the immense and splendidly-decorated hall; all seats, row upon row, and closely joined, were occupied, so that hardly a bullet could drop to the floor. All the different delegations from the thirty eight States, the eight Territories, and the District of Columbia, had their space and seats allotted to them, and the galleries were filled with the most prominent and talented men of the country.

The impression which this convention of sovereign citizens of a free land made upon the quiet observers was grand and imposing beyond all description. No showy and gold-embroidered uniforms, no diamond-stars and decorations of any order, or other such like tinsel, as are graciously bestowed by monarchs and princes upon their devoted subjects, attracted my attention, but civic and democratic simplicity in the outward appearance of all those present greeted my eyes! Reserve, self-reliance, and intelligence were beaming on the faces of all who composed this vast assembly, and the thought that these men could ever give up all their country's traditions and its free institutions as not worthy of preservation, disappeared at once from my mind.

At all events, my observations during the session of this Convention so far have quieted all my apprehensions that among the people of this country sympathies for a so-called strong or monarchical government could ever take root.

I am convinced now that everything which has manifested itself in this direction so far emanates only from those classes of our population commonly designated as "Shoddyites," who are represented in real life by blasé aristocratic swellheads.

OPINION OF HERMAN RASTER.

The conduct of the delegates and spectators in the Convention was, in one word, American; with that everything is said. No personal altercations, no twitting, no insinuations; everywhere good cheer, pleasantness, and a disposition to oblige predominated. But then came the outbursts of real or artificial enthusiasm, poured forth with such tremendous elementary strength, that would place the demoniac yells of the Comanche Indians and the howlings of the Zulu-Caffirs by far in the shade! Whoever did not witness the proceedings of the Convention on the fourth day of its session cannot even have an approaching conception of the noise and wild enthusiasm which prevailed during that day from early morn until late at night.

A stranger, unaware of the proceedings in the hall, might have been induced to believe that pandemonium had broken loose, or that all the lunatic asylums in the country had emptied their contents into the Exposition Building.

Among the delegates, although determined in their opposition and in the promotion of their choice's interests, nothing but pleasantness and affability was perceptible. During the whole time of the six days' proceedings not a word was uttered which could be tortured into a direct insult, and not a single serious dispute took place among them as well as among all this vast concourse of excited and enthusiastic men. In this respect the conduct of the Americans in their mass-meetings and gatherings cannot be enough praised and extolled,—more particularly so when we consider the behavior of the French, the Germans, Italians, and Poles on similar occasions.

Any Convention of the importance and magnitude of that which has just adjourned in Chicago, held in France, would undoubtedly have caused hundreds of personal conflicts and duels. Such a sudden readiness and submissive-

ness to accept an unexpected result as a finality as is exhibited by Americans after their Conventions we look for in vain among all other civilized nations.

A Garfield Nomination Joke.

An hour or so after the latest and last from the Chicago nomination, a policeman on Randolph street halted at the door of a saloon and asked the proprietor how he liked the nomination.

"I doan' care for bolitics any more," was the reply.

"Why, what's the matter? You were greatly excited yesterday."

"If I vhas den I vhas a fool. When dot first pallot vhas daken I set up der peer for de Grant crowd, for I likes to shtand vhell mit der poys."

"Yes."

"Den a pig crowdt rushes in here und yells out dot Jim Plaine vhas de coming man, und I hand out der cigars, for mein poy vhants a blace in der Gustom-house oof Jim Plaine vhas Bresident."

"Yes, I see."

"Vhell, poaty soon comes mein brudder in und says I vhas a fool, for dot feller Sherman would git all der votes poaty queek. I tinks off Sherman gits it mein poy haf a blace in der Post-office sure, und I calls in der poys und dell's 'em to trink to my gandidate."

"Just so."

"I feels goot when I goes to bedt, but early in der mornings some Aldermans come roundt here und says: 'Shake, tont pe a fool. Edmunds ish der man who vhill knock 'em all to pieces,' und I dell's efery pody I vhas an Edmundts, und I pet ten dollars he vhas voted in. Dis forenoon mein

poy vhas for Grant, mein brudder vhas for Sherman und I vhas for Blaine, und vhere pe dose five kegs of lager dot I hadt dis morning? Vhen I goes home mein vhrow she saidt I vhas zwei fools, und I locks up der saloon und gues to bedt."

"Well, have you heard who was nominated?"

"Nein."

"It was Garfield."

"Garfeel? Py Sheorge! I dreats avay seven kegs of lager und two poxes of cigars, und it vhas Garfeel! Wheel, dot ends me oop. If I efer haf some more to do mit boll-ticks, den I am as grazy as bedtbugs. Garfeel! Vhell—vhell. What a fool I vhas dot I save not mein peer und make a zure blace for mein poy mit Garfeel!"



MISCELLANEOUS.

Who Is General Garfield?

The first and superficial answer is, that he is the Republican leader in the popular branch of Congress, where he has served conspicuously for seventeen years, and that he is Senator elect from the State of Ohio—two eminent stations, which, together with the Presidential nomination, distinguish him by an unexampled combination of civic honors. Reaching behind this Congressional experience, he was an enthusiastic volunteer in the Union Army. Before his military service he was for one brief term a member of the Senate of Ohio. This carries him back to the beginning of his public career, to a time when 28 years of age he was a school-teacher in a little village on the Western reserve, in the neighborhood of the hamlet where he was born.

He came of a family of yeomen. When he was left an orphan in the cradle by his father's death his mother struggled with poverty to educate him for loftier pursuits than those of his ancestors, and the boy bravely seconded her efforts. The slow and scanty savings of labor as a canal boatman and a carpenter provided him means for a liberal education, and at the mature age of 25 he was graduated from a New England college in 1856, the same

year in which the Republican party set its first Presidential ticket in the field.

This is an honorable record—as characteristic as Abraham Lincoln's of the aspirations and opportunities of life in our republic; but its recital does not touch the core of our question. The mere outline of a man's experience is not a satisfactory reply to an inquiry what manner of man that experience has left him. Answering the question in this deeper sense, Gen. Garfield is a typical representative of the civilization of New England removed into the West, where it has grown greater and ranker than it flourishes at home, as a New England wild flower might if transplanted from its rocky pasture into the rich soil of the prairie.

When Sir Charles Dilke wrote a book upon America a few years ago he styled it the "Greater Britain." In the same spirit that broad reach of the Northwestern territory, which begins at the Valley of the Gennesee, and, after crossing the Western Reserve, spreads out into an area encompassing the great lakes, might well be styled the "Greater New England." The leaven of its first settlers pervades it, tempered, but not dissipated, by space and time, and from these settlers Gen. Garfield descended, bearing among his own names a Biblical patronymic, which, like Lincoln's, betokens his Puritan descent from a New England ancestry.

Applying this key to his public career, the American people can fairly interpret its past, and conjecture its future. It explains the alliance of his fortunes with the Republican party; the ardor with which he has assisted in the abolition of slavery, and in the distinctive political measures which resulted from that event; the courage with which he always has antagonized the "Ohio idea" of financial legislation; the hesitation with which he has

opposed his own liberal convictions concerning economic questions to the predominant opinions of his political associates; and the scholarly tastes which have impelled him to serve upon Congressional committees on education and the census, and as a regent of the Smithsonian Institute with no less zeal than he has applied himself to the business of the committees on Military Affairs, Banking, and the Currency and Appropriations, of all of which he has been successively Chairman. It defines also the respectable simplicity of his private life.

Dying Words of Gen. Garfield's Father—He Leaves His Four Children in Care of His Wife.

Gen. Garfield's mother, a woman of wonderful intelligence and highly endowed by nature, was wedded to a man of the most generous impulses and largeness of soul, and together they sought their fortunes in the woods of Orange, Cuyahoga County, O.

To this couple were born four children, James Abram being the last. When the youngest son was only two years old, his father, over-worked and weary from the labor of saving his wheat crop from a fire which threatened its destruction, sat in a draft of wind, and contracted a violent sore throat. A quack doctor of the time applied a blister, which caused him to choke to death. Vigorous and hearty in all his frame, in his dying moments he said to his beloved wife :

“I have planted four saplings in these woods. I must now leave them to your care.”

Then, taking a last look out upon his farm, and calling his oxen by name, he died.

**Garfield's Life in Hiram Sketched by President Hinsdale, of Hiram College
—An Interesting History.**

"Garfield's life in Hiram," says President Hinsdale, "may be divided into four parts: First, student period; second, student and teacher; third, teacher, and, fourth, citizen period. I was not in Hiram when Garfield came here, but he came in 1851. His name first appears in the catalogue of that year, 'James A. Garfield, Cuyahoga county.' It appears the same way next year, but never appears again as the name of a student. In the catalogue of 1853 it appears in the list of instructors as 'Teacher in the English Department and Ancient Languages.' He began to teach when he had been here about a year, and continued to teach at the same time carried on his own studies, until he went to Williams College in 1854. Previous to going to Williams his name appears only once as instructor.

The student period, then, may be said to have lasted one year, and student and teacher period two years. He entered the junior class at Williams College in 1854, and graduated in 1856, dividing the highest honors with one of his classmates. He returned to Hiram in the fall of 1856, where he had just been elected a teacher of ancient languages and literature. He occupied this position one year, until, on retirement of Mr. A. L. Hayden, he became the head of the institution. The school was then called the Western Reserve Eclectic Institute, and did not become Hiram College until 1865, so that Garfield was never President of Hiram College, as has been stated, but was principal of the institute, in active duty, from June, 1857, to September, 1861. When he became the head of the institution he was 26 years old.

The teacher period of his life then covers four years. He entered the army in August, 1861, taking bodily his classes in history, Latin, etc., with him into the field. At this

time his active connection with the institution ceased; but so reluctant was the Board of Trustees to part with his name that he continued nominally a principal until 1864. In the catalogue of the two following years his name appears as 'Advising Principal,' and first as a member of the Board of Trustees in 1865.

"In the fall of 1862, at 31 years of age, he was elected to Congress, but continued in the army until he took his seat in December of the year following. While in the army, he bought this house, which I now own, which is the only piece of property Garfield ever owned in Hiram. His home continued to be here until he moved to Mentor in 1876, so that the citizen period of his life may be said to reach from 1863 to 1874.

"I came to Hiram at the opening of the winter term of 1853-4. I arrived in the evening, and saw nobody until next day. That day I went with father to Mr. Hayden, then Principal, and in the parlor of the house I first saw Garfield.

"In stature he was what he is now, only not so well rounded up. His head was covered with an immense shock of tan-colored hair, which has since darkened. He was but 22 years old, and had a decidedly veally appearance. George Pow, of Mahoning County came in, and the conversation turned upon a recent contest of Pow with B. S. Watkins on the rightfulness of Christians going to war. Pow had affirmed this rightfulness under certain circumstances, and, as I came in, young Garfield said: 'So, Brother Pow, you took the gunpowder side, did you?' These are the first words I remember to have ever heard Garfield speak.

"That winter I was a member of one of Garfield's classes —a class in arithmetic of 105 members, which he handled with admirable power. The impression which he made

upon me then is the same which he made upon everybody then and after. I cannot describe him better than to read a passage from my history of the Delphic Society. Garfield, I should say, was then a member of the Philomathious Society, and delivered before it that winter a course of lectures on history. But here is the passage :

“An old Harvard student, in a private letter, speaks of the Philomathians as ‘wonderful men,’ mentions those he thought ‘master spirits,’ and adds: ‘Then began to grow up in me an admiration and love for Garfield that has never abated, and the like of which I have never known. A bow of recognition or a single word from him was to me an inspiration. The exact parallel or my own experiences, Garfield, you have taught me more than any other man, living or dead; and when I recall these early days, when I remember that James and I were not the last of the boys, proud as I am of your record as a soldier and a statesman, I can hardly forgive you for abandoning the academy for the field and the forum.’

“When I read the above passage,” continued Hinsdale, laying the book down, “before a brilliant audience in the chapel four years ago, the cheers with which it was received showed that it struck a chord in all hearts.

“My real acquaintance with Garfield did not begin until the fall of 1856, when he returned from Williams College. He then found me out, drew near to me, and entered into all my troubles and difficulties pertaining to questions of the future. In a greater or less degree this was true of his relations to his pupils generally. There are hundreds of these men and women scattered over the world to-day who cannot find language strong enough to express their feeling in contemplating Garfield as their old instructor, adviser and friend. Since 1856 my relations with him have been as close and confidential as they could be with any man, and much closer and more confidential than they have been with any other man. I do not say that it would be possible for me to know anybody better than I know him, and I

know that he possesses all the great elements of character in an extraordinary degree.

"His interest in humanity has always been as broad as humanity itself, while his lively interest in young men and women, especially if they were struggling in narrow circumstances to obtain an education, is a characteristic known as widely over the world as the footsteps of Hiram boys and girls have wandered.

"The help that he furnished hundreds in the way of suggestions, teaching, encouragement, inspiration, and stimulus, was most valuable. I have repeatedly said that, as regards myself, I am more indebted to him for all that I am and for what I have done in the intellectual field than to any other man that ever lived.

"His power over students was not so much that of a drill-master or disciplinarian as that of one who was able to inspire and energize young people by his own intellectual and moral force."

An Interesting Reminiscence of Garfield's Youth—A Letter He Wrote 23 Years ago that Helped to Make a College President, and that President Now Reads it to His Students.

President Hinsdale said, at the recent Commencement at Hiram College (June, 1880), that in the fall of 1856 he left the Eclectic Institute, now Hiram College, in distress of mind growing out of his own life-questions. He had passed his 19th birthday, and the question of the future weighed heavily upon his mind. That winter he taught district-school. He had already won a friend in Mr. Garfield, then 25 years old, and just out of Williams College. Garfield was then teaching in Hiram as Professor of Ancient Languages. In his distress of mind Hinsdale wrote Garfield a letter, in which he fully opened up his mind. In

reply he received a letter, which gave him great help, that illustrated some of the points in the morning's lecture. This letter, which he had religiously preserved, might give help to some of the young men before him. Besides, there was peculiar propriety in his reading it, on account of what had taken place the day before in the City of Chicago. He then proceeded to read from the original—yellow with age, and worn with repeated foldings and unfoldings—the following beautiful letter:

“HIRAM, Jan. 15, 1857.—MY DEAR BROTHER BURKE: I was made glad a few days since by the receipt of your letter. It was a very acceptable New Year's present, and I take great pleasure in responding. You have given a vivid picture of a community in which intelligence and morality have been neglected, and I am glad you are disseminating the light. Certainly men must have some knowledge in order to do right. God first said, ‘Let there be light;’ afterward he said, ‘It is very good!’

“I am glad to hear of your success in teaching, but I approach with much more interest the consideration of the question you have proposed. Brother mine, it is not a question to be discussed in the spirit of debate, but to be thought over and prayed over as a question ‘out of which are the issues of life.’ You will agree with me that every one must decide and direct his own course in life, and the only service friends can afford is to give us the data from which we must draw our own conclusion and decide our course. Allow me, then, to sit beside you and look over the field of life and see what are its aspects.

“I am not one of those who advise everyone to undertake the work of a liberal education. Indeed, I believe that in two-thirds of the cases such advice would be unwise. The great body of the people will be, and ought to be (intelligent), farmers and mechanics; and in many respects

they pass the most independent and happy lives. But God has endowed some of His children with desires and capabilities for a more extended field of labor and influence, and so every life should be shaped according to 'what the man hath.' Now, in reference to yourself, I *know* you have capabilities for occupying positions of high and important trust in the scenes of active life, and I am sure you will not call it flattery in me nor egotism in yourself to say so. Tell me, Burke, do you not feel a spirit stirring within you that longs to *know*, to *do*, and to *dare*; to hold converse with the great world of thought, and hold before you some high and noble object to which the vigor of your mind and the strength of your arm may be given? Do you not have longings like these, which you breathe to no one, and which you feel must be heeded, or you will pass through life unsatisfied and regretful? I am sure you have them, and they will forever cling round your heart till you obey their mandate. They are the voices of that nature, which God has given you, and which, when obeyed, will bless you and your fellow-men.

"Now, all this might be true, and yet it might be your duty not to follow that course. If your duty to your father or your mother demands that you take another, I shall rejoice to see you take that other course. The path of duty is where we all ought to walk, be that where it may. But I sincerely hope that you will not, without an earnest struggle, give up a course of liberal study. Suppose you could not begin your study again till after your majority,—it will not be too late then, but you will gain in many respects. You will have more maturity of mind to appreciate whatever you may study. You may say you will be too old to begin the course. But how could you better spend the earlier days of life? We should not measure life by the days and moments we pass on earth.

“‘The life is measured by the soul’s advance—
The enlargement of its powers—the expanded field
Where it ranges, till it burns and glows
With heavenly joy, with high and heavenly hope.’

“It need be no discouragement that you will be obliged to hew your own way and pay your own charges. You can go to school two terms of every year, and pay your own way.

“I know this, for I did so when teachers’ wages were much lower than they are now. It is a great truth that ‘Where there is a will, there is a way.’ It may be that by-and-by your father would assist you. It may be that even now he could let you commence on your resources, so that you could begin immediately. Of this you know, and I do not. I need not tell you how glad I should be to assist you in your work; but, if you cannot come to Hiram while I am here, I shall still hope to hear that you are determined to go on as soon as the time will permit. Will you not write me your thoughts on this whole subject, and tell me your prospects? We are having a very good time in the school this winter. Give my love to Rolden and Louisa, and believe me always your friend and brother.

“J. A. GARFIELD.

“P. S.—Miss Booth and Mr. Rhodes send their love to you. Henry James was here and made me a good visit a few days ago. He and I have talked of going to see you this winter. I fear we cannot do it. How far is it from here? Burke, was it prophetic that my last word to you ended on the picture of the Capitol of Congress?

“J. A. G.”

The letter was written on Congress note paper, and the sheet was entirely filled, so that the last few words were written crosswise; and, as is said by the General, his last word came across the little picture at the upper left-hand

corner of the sheet. Whether the General means to ask in regard to the prophetic significance in his own case, or that of Hinsdale, is not known; but it certainly came true in his own case.

Gen. Garfield's Speech Before the Hiram College Reunion Association—The Commencement Day of 1880 Long to be Remembered.

On this happy occasion, President Hinsdale introduced Gen. Garfield as follows: It is with a good deal of satisfaction and pride that I now introduce to you one into whose face most all of you have looked hundreds of times, a fellow student with some of you, and a co-worker in the institution with others, a teacher of a larger number, a man who for years has been near and dear to us, and whose presence here to-day has lifted what otherwise would have been a comparatively humble though a very pleasant and enjoyable occasion to the rank and dignity of National matters—Gen. Garfield.

Gen. Garfield arose and said :

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I said that there were two chapters in the history of this Institute. You have heard the one relating to the founders. They were all pioneers of this Western Reserve, or nearly all; they were all men of knowledge and great force of character; nearly all not men of means, but they planted this little institution. In 1850 it was a cornfield, with a solid, plain brick building in the centre of it, and that was all. Almost all the rest has been done by the institution itself. That is the second chapter.

Without a dollar of endowment, without a powerful friend anywhere, but with a corps of teachers who were told to go on to the ground and see what they could make out

of it, to find their own pay out of the little tuition that they could receive. They invited students of their own spirit to come on the ground and see what they could make out of it, and the response has been that many have come, and the chief part of the respondents I see in the faces around and before me to-day. It was a simple question of sinking or swimming for themselves. And I know that we are all inclined to be a little clannish over our own. We have, perhaps, a right to be, but I do not know of any place, I do not know of any institution that has accomplished more with so little means as has this school on Hiram Hill.

I know of no place where the doctrine of self-help has a fuller development, by necessity as well as finally by choice, as here on this hill. The doctrine of self-help and of force has the chief place among these men and women around here. As I said a great many years ago about that, the act of Hiram was to throw its young men and women overboard and let them try it for themselves, and all those men able to get ashore got ashore, and I think we have few cases of drowning anywhere.

Now, I look over these faces and I mark the several geological changes remarked by Mr. Atwater so well in his address; but in the few cases of change of geological fact there is, I find, no fossils. Some are dead and glorified in our memories, but those who are not are alive—I think all.

The teachers and the studens of this school built it up in every sense. They made the cornfield into Hiram Campus. Those fine groves you see across the road they planted. I well remember the day when they turned out into the woods to find beautiful maples, and brought them in; when they raised a little purse to purchase evergreen; when each young man, for himself one, and perhaps a second for some young lady, if he was in love, planted two

trees on the campus and then named them after himself. There are several here to-day who remember Bolen. Bolen planted there a tree, and Bolen has planted a tree that has a lustre—Bolen was shot through the heart at Winchester.

There are many here that can go and find the tree that you have named after yourself. They are great, strong trees to-day, and your names, like your trees, are, I hope, growing still.

I believe outside of or beyond the physical features of the place, that there was a stronger pressure of work to the square inch in the boilers that run this establishment than any other that I know of, and, as has been so well said, that has told all the while with these young men and women. The struggle, wherever the uncouth and untutored farmer boys—a farmer, of course—that came here to try themselves and find what kind of people they were. They came here to go on a voyage of discovery. Your discovery was yourselves, in many cases. I hope the discovery was a fortune, and the friendships then formed out of that have bound this group of people longer and farther than most any other I have known in life. They are scattered all over the United States, in every field of activity, and if I had time to name them, the sun would go down before I had finished.

I believe the rules of this institution limits us to time—I think it is said five minutes. I may have overgone it already. We have so many already that we want to hear from, we will all volunteer. We expect now to wrestle awhile with the work before us. Some of these boys remember the time when I had an exercise that I remember with pleasure. I called a young lad out in a class and said, in two minutes you are to speak to the best of your ability on the following subject (naming it), and give the subject and let him wrestle with it. I was trying a

theory, and I believe that wrestling was a good thing. I will not vary the performance save in this. I will call you and restrict you to five minutes, and let you select your theme about the old days of Hiram.

Now, we have a grave judge in this audience, who wandered away from Hiram into the Forty-Second Regiment into the South, and, after the victory, stayed there. I will call now, not as a volunteer man, but as a drafted man —Judge Clark of Mississippi.

**Garfield's First Ride on the Cars—First Visit to Columbus—First School,
Etc.—Interesting Reminiscences.**

It was the good fortune of the writer of this to spend the first two weeks of the notable campaign of 1877 with Gen. Garfield. It was almost evident to the best-informed political calculator that the Republicans must be defeated that year. Fate was against them, and whatever herculean efforts might be made could only be in vain. The excuse was this and that, but the fact was a conglomeration of adverse circumstances which no one could successfully contend against.

The campaign was opened on a bright day in early autumn, under the beautiful elms and maples of that delightful old university town of Athens. Hon. Stanley Matthews, recently elected United States Senator, Judge West, candidate for Governor, and Gen. Garfield, together with several lesser lights in the party, were present and made speeches. It was an occasion full of importance, and was carefully reported in the daily press of the entire country.

The meeting was held on Saturday afternoon, and the General found it necessary to remain in the town over Sunday. After taking a stroll about the town during the fore-

noon, and reading his usual amount from some popular volume, the General, later in the day, in the presence of Capt. C. E. Henry and myself, the General said:

"Many interesting reminiscences which it is very difficult for me to express have run through my mind during the past twenty-four hours. While speaking from the stand in the college campus, yesterday, I could not refrain from casting my eyes up to a certain window in the main building which opens into a room where I spent a night, some twenty-five years ago, in the company of my cousin Ella Ballou, who was a student here."

"I had come all the way from our home in Cuyahoga county with my mother. It had been an eventful journey to me.

"I had rode for the first time on the cars."

"I had been for the first time to the capital, and been shown with my mother through the halls of the State House.

"Hon. Gamaliel Kent was the Representative from Geauga county, and he showed us about. From there we come on to Athens, in the immediate vicinity of which town resided my mother's relatives.

"That winter I taught my first school in a log house in this vicinity.

"I dug the coal which was burned during the winter from the bank in the rear of the house, and worked for, I think, \$10 per month. It was an eventful winter for me. I had some scholars who had been reported as somewhat hard, but I think that I succeeded reasonably well in keeping order."

"Was this before or after your canal experience?"

"It was after that, some time. I had given up all idea of a life on the canal at that time, but I did expect to go on the sea even then."

At this early period the books which the young General mostly read were tales of the sea. These were the only stories that could be easily obtained.

The General says that he most vividly remembers the "Pirate's Own Book," and the impression which it made lived with him for years. He dreamed of an impossible career on the ocean.

The great statesman was a good reader at 3 years old, and was remarkable for the faculty which he exhibited for retaining almost verbatim the contents of the volumes which he perused. It is reported by the good people of the vicinity, who were boys with the General, that he often annoyed teachers of somewhat limited education by the numberless questions which he asked them.

Garfield's Extra Session Speech—Turning on the Light.

General Garfield, at the extra session of Congress in 1879, turned a flood of the fierce light of history upon the disgraceful record of the Democratic party, and then made clear that their attitude at that time in threatening to stop the supplies of the Government unless their schemes looking to the removal of the safeguards that surround the ballot-box were permitted was as unpatriotic and pestiferous as their attitude during the war. It was in the course of this great effort that he spoke the following words, which indicate the intense patriotic earnestness and the frank fearlessness of the man:

I desire to ask the forbearance of the gentlemen on the other side for remarks I dislike to make, for they will bear witness that I have in many ways shown my desire that the wounds of the war should be healed, and that the grass that God plants over the graves of our dead may signalize

the return of the Spring of friendship and peace between all parts of the country. But I am compelled by the necessity of the situation to refer for a moment to a chapter of history.

The last act of the Democratic domination in this house, eighteen years ago, was stirring and dramatic, but it was heroic and whole-souled. Then the Democratic party said: "If you elect your man as President of the United States we will shoot your Union to death."

And the people of this country, not willing to be coerced, but believing they had a right to vote for Abraham Lincoln if they chose, did elect him lawfully as President, and then your leaders, in control of the majority of the other wing of this Capitol, did the heroic thing of withdrawing from their seats, and your Representatives withdrew from their seats and flung down to us the gage of mortal battle. We called it rebellion, but we admitted that it was honorable, that it was courageous, and that it was noble to give us the fell gage of battle, and fight it out in the open field.

That conflict, and what followed, we all know too well; and to-day, after eighteen years, the book of your domination is opened where you turned down your leaves in 1860, and you are signalizing your return to power by reading the second chapter (not this time an heroic one) that declares that if we do not let you dash a statute out of the book you will not shoot the Union to death as in the first chapter—but starve it to death by refusing the necessary appropriations.

You, gentlemen, have it in your power to kill it by this movement. You have it in your power, by withholding these two bills, to smite the nerve centers of our Constitution to the stillness of death; and you have declared your purpose to do it if you cannot break down the elements

of free consent that, up to this time, have always ruled in the Government.

It is unnecessary to say that the sentences quoted were burned into the memories of the Democracy. In the light of Garfield's unsparing but candid arraignment they were forced to see along with the rest of the people that their party, according to the measure of its opportunity, was as much a foe to the safety and prosperity of the American Union as the Democracy of the war.

Anecdote of Gen. Garfield at Murfreesboro, Illustrating a Noble Trait of His Character.

The following reminiscence throws additional light on noble character of Garfield :

Garashee, Rosecrans's Chief of Staff, was killed the first day of the fight at Murfreesboro. A solid shot left his body headless. Old Rosey, as he was familiarly and affectionately called by the boys, who was at Garashee's side when the fatal shot took effect, glanced at the faithful officer's corpse, and exclaiming "poor fellow," called out : "Scatter, gentlemen, scatter."

The order was obeyed by staff and orderlies with more than alacrity, as the enemy had us in blank range of a well-manned battery, the shot flying thick and fast, without any apparent respect of persons. A few days after, says Thomas Daugherty, who tells this story, I do not remember how many, but it was after we had got into quarters in the town of Murfreesboro, Garfield joined us, to take the dead man, Garashee's, place as Chief of Staff.

We boys thought he was a perfect success, and as an illustration of his kindness of heart, a virtue not often practiced by army officers in the field, toward subordinates at least, I give you this little story :

One night, very late, the boys being rolled in their blankets on the hall floor asleep, and I at my post, sitting in a chair at the Commanding General's door, awaiting orders to be taken to their destination by my then sleeping comrades; the light but a tallow candle stuck in a sardine box; I, with chair tilted against the wall, had fallen asleep too, when Gen. Garfield, the new Chief of Staff, emerged from the headquarter-room quickly. Not noticing my extended limbs, he tripped over them and dropped to hands and knees on the floor. As he was no light weight, even then the fall was not easy.

Affrighted, I jumped to my feet, stood at attention, and, as the General arose, saluted, expecting nothing else than to be cuffed, and probably kicked, too, from one end of the hall to the other. But, to my astonishment, he kindly and quietly said: "Excuse me, Sergeant." I not only excused him, but, with all our little command, to whom the incident was told, revered him.

The First Garfield Club—Organized by the Students at Williamstown, Mass

Every ballot at the Chicago Convention was announced immediately to a large and expectant crowd at Williams College (Gen. Garfield is a graduate of Williams College) as fast as received. When the news came that a son of Williams College was nominated, the crowd went wild.

The students, headed by a man carrying the American flag, marched to the President's house, where Dr. Chadbourne made a speech. A mass meeting was then held by the students in Alumni Hall, and a grand ratification meeting was appointed. A brass band was engaged, together with prominent speakers of Berkshire County. A Garfield Club was organized also, and a grand procession planned, all before 2:30 p. m. The College took a holiday in honor of the nomination, and has the honor of organizing the first Garfield Club in the country.

Dignity of American Citizenship—Garfield's Eloquent Speech in Washington
After His Nomination, Delivered June 16th, 1880.

FELLOW-CITIZENS: While I have looked upon this great array, I believe I have gotten a new idea of the majesty of the American people.

When I reflect that wherever you find the sovereign power, every reverent heart on earth bows before it, and when I remember that here, for a hundred years, we have denied the sovereignty of any man, and in place of it we have asserted the sovereignty of all in place of one, I see before so vast a concourse that it is easy for me to imagine that the rest of the American people are gathered here to-night; and, if they were all here, every man would stand uncovered and in unsandaled feet in the presence of the majesty of the only sovereign power in this Government under Almighty God; and, therefore, to this great audience I pay the respectful homage that in part belongs to the sovereignty of the people.

I thank you for this great and glorious demonstration. I am not for one moment misled into believing that it refers to so poor a thing as any one of our number. I know it means your reverence to your Government, your reverence for its laws, your reverence for its institutions, and your compliment to one who is placed for a moment in relations to you of peculiar importance. For all these reasons I thank you.

I cannot at this time utter a word on the subject of general politics. I would not mar the cordiality of this welcome, to which to some extent all are gathered, by any reference except to the present moment and its significance.

But I wish to say that a large portion of this assemblage to-night are my comrades in the late war for the Union. For them I can speak with entire propriety, and can say that these very streets heard the measured tread of your

disciplined feet years ago, when the imperiled Republic needed your hands and your hearts to save it, and you came back with your numbers decimated, but those you left behind were immortal and glorified heroes forever, and those you brought back came carrying under tattered banners and in bronzed hands the ark of the covenant of your Republic in safety out of the bloody baptism of the war, and you brought it in safety to be saved forever by your valor and the wisdom of your brethren who were at home, and by this you were again added to the civil army of the Republic.

I greet you, comrades and fellow-soldiers, and the great body of distinguished citizens who are gathered here to-night, who are the strong stay and support of business, of prosperity, of peace, of civic order, and the glory of the Republic, and I thank you for your welcome to-night. It was said in a welcome to one who came to England to be a part of her glory, and all the nation spoke when it said:

Normans, and Saxons, and Danes are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee.

And we say to-night of all the nations, of all the people, soldiers and civilians, there is one name that welds us all into one. It is the name of an American under the Union and under the glory of the flag that leads us to victory and to peace.

"The Member from New York."

Gen. Garfield in his school days used to take the part of "the member from New York" in the miniature House of Congress which his elocution class had formed itself into. He is said to have enjoyed this exceedingly, and his oratory excelled that of all the others.



The Canal Story as Told by the Man Who Employed Young Garfield to Drive on the Tow Path.

The gentleman who employed young Garfield to drive on the "Tow path" is still living, and resides in Jersey City. His name is Jonathan Myers. He gives the following full account of "Jim Garfield's" canal labors:

"He was a driver for me on the Ohio Canal. I have watched his career ever since he left me, and have felt very much interested in him, and gratified to see what he has achieved.

The first time he ran for the Legislature of Ohio he was in my district, and I voted for him. After that I moved East, and that is the only time I ever voted for him. When he left me he did not 'boat' any more.

It is a mistake about his ever having been a steersman. He was not large enough for a steersman. When he was in my employ he was not more than 13 years of age.

I remember when he applied to me for a job on my boat. He was a stout, healthy boy, and his frank, open countenance impressed me so much that I at once employed him. He was always full of fun, and exceedingly good natured. I never saw him mad. He was with me about three months.

He was always very attentive to his business. He was also a great boy to read. If he was not busy he was always reading. I scarcely ever saw him idle. One day, as we were going up the canal, he came to me and said he would like to get a place where he could work and attend school.

I knew of a doctor by the name of Robinson who lived near me, who was in need of a boy to attend his horse and do chores about his place. I told "Jim" he had better go up and see the Doctor, and if he had not got a boy he had better get the place. I disliked to part with him, but I saw he was too intelligent a lad to be driving a canal-boat.



He went up, and the Doctor 'froze' to him at once. The Doctor was what you might call a minister. He was a Campbellite, and a very good man indeed.

During the first winter "Jim" was with the Doctor he got converted, and after he got converted they "froze" to him tighter than ever. When spring came, "Jim" wanted to get some work to enable him to buy some clothes, and he spoke to the Doctor about it. The Doctor told him he must not leave school—that he must go through now. "Jim" said:

"Doctor, but I haven't got any money." The Doctor told him that was all right—that he would stand behind him.

I remember that he was a very poor boy, and that I was very favorably impressed with him. These canal boys were generally a shiftless lot of fellows, and it was hard work to get a good boy. Our boats were different then from what they are now. We used to have them fitted up nicely to carry passengers as well as freight. My wife used to be on the boat with me, and she thought a good deal of "Jim."

The great difficulty we had with the drivers on our boats was that they would lie, but if you got anything from "Jim" you could always rely on it. I never caught him in a lie while he was with me. He was getting \$10 a month and his board, and that was considered very big wages. He was born in Orange, Cuyahoga County, O. He came to me as any other boy to hire out.

The Turning Point in Garfield's Life, and How It Happened.

The following anecdote concerning Garfield's early life shows a critical period of the boy's experience:

Garfield was then a queer, awkward boy of 16, and was

revolving in his mind the feasibility of taking a course of liberal study. He knew that Dr. Robinson was in town, and had seen him at his mother's house, and had confidence in his judgment. He called around, therefore, at the President's house, and asked for Dr. Robinson. The Doctor was at his dinner, but soon finished, and came out to see what his young friend wanted.

"I want to see you alone," said Garfield.

"Who are you?" asked the gruff but kind-hearted Doctor.

"My name is James Garfield, from Solon," replied the latter.

"Oh! I know your mother, and knew you when you were a babe in arms; but you had outgrown my knowledge. I am glad to see you."

The young man led the way toward a secluded spot on the south side of Hiram Hill; and, as they proceeded, the Doctor took a good look at his companion. He was a young man quite shabbily dressed, with coarse satinet pantaloons, which were far outgrown, and did not reach more than half-way down his cowhide boot-tops. His vest did not meet the waistband of his pants, and his arms reached far out through the sleeves of his coat. His head was clothed with a coarse wool hat, which had also seen much wear, and slouched upon his head.

"He was wonderfully awkward," said the good Doctor (who tells this story), "and had a sort of independent, go-as-you-please gait. At length we reached a spot that was covered with papaw bushes, and we took a seat on a log. After a little hesitation the young man said:

"You are a physician, and know the fibre that is in men. Examine me and tell me with the utmost frankness whether I had better take a course of liberal study. I am contemplating doing so. My desire is in that direction. But,

if I am to make a failure of it, or practically so. I do not desire to begin. If you advise me not to do so, I shall feel content."

"I felt that I was on my sacred honor, and the young man looked as though he felt himself on trial. I had had considerable experience as a physician, but here was a case much different from any other I had ever had. I felt it must be handled with great care.

I examined his head, and saw that there was a magnificent brain there. I sounded his lungs, and found that they were strong and capable of making good blood. I felt his pulse, and saw that there was an engine capable of sending the blood up to the head to feed the brain. I had seen many strong physical systems, with warm feet, but cold, sluggish brain; and those who possessed such systems would simply sit around and doze. Therefore I was anxious to know about the kind of an engine to run that delicate machine, the brain. At the end of a fifteen-minutes' careful examination of this kind, we rose, and I aids: 'Go on, follow the leadings of your ambition, and ever after I am your friend. You have the brain of a Webster, and you have the physical proportions that will back you in the most herculean efforts. All you need to do is to work. Work hard—do not be afraid of over-working—and you will make your mark.'"

The Doctor and the General visited the spot made thus sacred as the witness of the turning point in Garfield's life, on the day of the recent Hiram commencement.

"I invited the General to come to my house in Bedford, in order that I might talk the matter over more fully with him; and in a short time he did so. The General has often told me that the conversation gave him confidence in himself, which he had never had before, and he went on with his course, and, as is already known, won for himself the highest honors of his class, and of the world at large.

The Methods and Habits of Garfield While a Teacher—How He Played With the Boys, Shook Hands, Lectured, Etc.

The Rev. J. L. Darsie, of Danbury, Conn., was one of Garfield's pupils in his school days. He thus describes the habits and methods of Professor Garfield:

"I attended school at the Western Reserve Eclectic Institute when Garfield was Principal, and I recall vividly Gen. Garfield's method of teaching.

"He took very kindly to me, and assisted me in various ways, because I was poor and was janitor of the buildings, and swept them out in the morning and built the fires, as he had done only six years before, when he was a pupil at the same school.

He was full of animal spirits, and he used to run out on the green almost every day and play cricket with us. He was a tall, strong man, but dreadfully awkward. Every now and then he would get a hit on the nose, and he muffed his ball and lost his hat as a regular thing.

He was left-handed, too, and that made him seem all the clumsier. But he was most powerful and very quick, and it was easy for us to understand how it was that he had acquired the reputation of whipping all the other mule drivers on the canal, and of making himself the hero of that thoroughfare when he followed its tow-path ten years earlier.

No matter how old the pupils were, Garfield always called us by our first names, and kept himself on the most familiar terms with all. He played with us freely, scuffled with us sometimes, walked with us in walking too and fro, and we treated him out of the class room just about as we did one another. Yet he was a most strict disciplinarian, and enforced the rules like a martinet.

He combined an affectionate and confiding manner with a respect for order in a most successful manner. If he wanted to speak to a pupil, either for reproof or approba-

tion, he would generally manage to get one arm around him and draw him up close to him.

He had a peculiar way of shaking hands, too, giving a twist to your arm and drawing you right up to him. This sympathetic manner has helped him to advancement. When I was a janitor he used sometimes to stop me and ask my opinion about this and that, as if seriously advising with me. I can see now that my opinion could not have been of any value, and that he probably asked me partly to increase my self-respect, and partly to show me that he felt an interest in me. I certainly was his friend all the firmer for it.

I remember once asking him what was the best way to pursue a certain study, and he said:

“Use several text-books. Get the views of different authors as you advance. In that way you can plow a broader furrow. I always study in that way.” He tried hard to teach us to observe carefully and accurately. He broke out one day with:

“Henry, how many posts are there under the building downstairs?” Henry expressed his opinion, and the question went around the class, hardly one getting it right.

He was the keenest observer I ever saw. I think he noticed and numbered every button on our coats.

A friend of mine was walking with him through Cleveland one day when Garfield stopped and darted down a cellarway, asking his companion to follow, and briefly pausing to explain himself. The sign “Saws and Files” was over the door, and in the depths was heard a regular clicking sound.

“I think this fellow is cutting files,” said he, “and I have never seen a file cut.” Down they went, and, sure enough, there was a man recutting an old file, and they stayed ten minutes and found out all about the process.

The Way Garfield Got His Military Education—Using Poles, Blocks, and Grains of Coffee for Drill Purposes.

It is a well-known fact that Gen. Garfield never had any military education previous to his taking command of the Forty-second Regiment, Ohio Volunteer Infantry. But the thorough disposition which he had cultivated, both as student and teacher, was with him here.

He purchased at the first opportunity a copy of some book on military tactics, and immediately inaugurated an entirely original method of learning the movements of bodies of men.

He prepared a large number of blocks, each representing columns of soldiers, and then went through with all the various movements described in the books, often working at the various problems until nearly morning.

When he had quite well mastered the rudiments in this way, he began to drill his officers by means of skeleton companies, as he called them. He had prepared long poles, and, giving the ends of these into the hands of the men who were being instructed, the marches, counter-marches, and various parades would be gone through with wonderful accuracy and dispatch.

"I have carried poles in this way many times," said Capt. C. E. Henry, one of his old officers, "and, if I do say so, we learned the movements as fast as the men of any other regiment, even though the others might have been presided over by West Point officers.

"Finally, he mislaid his blocks, and adopted grains of coffee, or corn, and still carried on his military maneuvers.

"I have heard West Point officers say that he was as thorough as any officer they ever saw in his knowledge of the common principles of military affairs. I never knew him to make a mistake in giving an order, or to hesitate in giving it."

The General Taking His Stand on Fugitive Slaves—A Story of the War.

A member of Gen. Sherman's staff is authority for the following incident, which is related as nearly as possible in his words:

"One day I noticed a fugitive slave come rushing into camp with a bloody head, and apparently frightened almost to death. He had only passed my tent a moment when a regular bully of a fellow came riding up, and, with a volley of oaths, began to ask after his 'nigger.'

"Gen. Garfield was not present, and he passed on to the division-commander. This division-commander was a sympathizer with the theory that fugitives should be returned to their masters, and that the Union soldiers should be made the instruments for returning them. He accordingly wrote a mandatory order to Gen. Garfield, in whose command the darky was supposed to be hiding, telling him to hunt out and deliver over the property of the outraged citizen.

"I stated the case as fully as I could to Gen. Garfield before handing him the order, but did not color my statement in any way. He took the order, and deliberately wrote on it the following indorsement:

"'I respectfully, but positively, decline to allow my command to search for, or deliver up, any fugitive slaves. I conceive that they are here for quite another purpose. The command is open, and no obstacles will be placed in the way of the search.'

"I read the indorsement, and was frightened. I expected that, if returned, the result would be that the General would be court-martialed. I told him my fears. He simply replied:

"'The matter may as well be tested first as last. Right is right, and I do not propose to mince matters at all. My soldiers are here for far other purposes than hunting and returning fugitive slaves.'



CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

A Sketch of the Life of the Republican Candidate for Vice-President.

Chester Allan Arthur is a native of Vermont, having been born at Fairfield, Franklin County, October 15th, 1830.

He was the oldest son of the Rev. William Arthur, D. D., a Baptist clergyman, and his mother's maiden name was Malvina Stone. His father was a native of the north of Ireland, and a graduate of the College of Belfast. He was a noted scholar and author of several books on philology.

The subject of this sketch was fitted for college mainly under his father's instructions, but also studied at Greenwich, Washington County, N. Y. He entered Union College, and graduated therefrom at the age of eighteen with high honors. He began the study of law soon after leaving college, in the office of the Hon. E. D. Culver, a former member of Congress from Pennsylvania., who was prominent in the anti-slavery struggles of thirty years ago. Gen. Arthur was admitted to the Bar in 1853, and began practice in New York.

As a young man he early took great interest in political

matters, and bore an active part in the Free-Soil agitation. He was a delegate from King's County (Brooklyn) to the first Republican State Convention held in New York, and gained considerable reputation from his connection with the litigation growing out of slavery and the rights of colored citizens.

He was attorney in the celebrated Lemon slave case, in which William M. Evarts acted as counsel, with Charles O'Conor as opposing counsel for the slaveholder, Jonathan Lemon, of Virginia, who, on his way to Texas, brought slaves with him into New York. This case, involving some of the most important principles of personal liberties and the comities of the States, was in the courts for many years, and was finally decided by the Court of Appeals against the slaveholder. Gen. Arthur prepared all the papers in the case and sued out the writ of habeas corpus by which the case got into court. He was also attorney in the case involving the right of the black man to ride in the cars, in which he was also successful in the Court of last resort.

He continued in the practice of his profession with good success until the breaking out of the war. During Gov. Morgan's administration he was for the first two years of the war Inspector and Quartermaster-General of New York. In this position he displayed remarkable organizing capacity in placing the New York troops in the field, and gained a high reputation as an officer.

Upon Seymour's election as Governor, Gen. Arthur returned to his practice, in which he continued until his appointment as Collector of the port of New York, in November, 1871. This appointment came to him unsolicited, and was an entire surprise. He discharged the duties of the place with signal ability, and to the entire acceptance of the commercial public. Business men of all parties peti-

tioned for his retention in office, and he was reappointed in 1875, holding the position until his removal by President Hayes under circumstances with which the public is familiar.

He is a portly, middle-aged gentleman, with gray hairs and pleasant features, social and amiable, fond of a good dinner, and at home is agreeable company; quite frequently seen on public occasions in New York, and very active, but never obtrusive; altogether a public-spirited citizen and typical New York business man; rather slow of speech, but good in substance, and is one of Gen. Grant's intimate friends and admirers.

Mr. Arthur is now engaged in the practice of his profession. He has two children—a son of 14 and a daughter of 8 years of age. He had the misfortune to lose his devoted wife last January, whose death was sudden and unexpected. Mrs. Arthur was a daughter of the late Capt. Herndon, of the United States Navy, the intrepid explorer of the river Amazon, who was lost at sea while in command of the steamship Central America on her trip between Havana and New York in 1857.



INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF P R E S I D E N T J A M E S A. G A R F I E L D.

President Garfield delivered the following inaugural address at Washington, D. C., March 4th, 1881:

FELLOW CITIZEN: We stand to-day upon an eminence which overlooks a hundred years of National life—a century crowded with perils, but crowded with the triumphs of liberty and love. Before continuing the onward march, let us pause on this height for a moment to strengthen our faith and renew our hope by a glance at the pathway along which our people have traveled.

It is now three days more than a hundred years since the adoption of the first written Constitution and perpetual union. The new Republic was then beset with danger on every hand. It had not conquered a place in the family of Nations. The decisive battle of the War for Independence—whose centennial anniversary will soon be gratefully celebrated at Yorktown—had not yet been fought. The Colonists were struggling not only against the armies of Great Britain, but against the settled opinion of mankind; for the world did not believe that the supreme authority of the Government could be safely intrusted to the guardianship of the people themselves.

We can not overestimate the fervent love or the intelligent courage, having the common sense with which our fathers made the great experiment of self-government. When they found, after a short time, that a confederacy of States was too weak to meet the necessities of the glorious and expanding Republic, they boldly set it aside, and in its stead established a National Union, founded directly upon the will of the people, endowed with future powers of self-preservation and with ample authority for the accomplishment of its great objects. Under this Constitution the boundaries of freedom enlarged, the foundations of order and peace have been strengthened, and growth in all the better elements of national life has vindicated the wisdom of the founders, and given new hope to their descendants. Under this Constitution our people long ago made themselves safe against danger

from without, and secured for their mariners and flag equality of rights on all the seas. Under this Constitution twenty-five State-houses have been added to the Union, with Constitutions and laws framed and enforced by their own citizens to secure the manifold blessings of local and self-government. The jurisdictions of this Constitution now covers an area fifty times greater than that of the original thirteen States, and a population twenty times greater than that of 1780.

The trial of that Constitution came at last under the tremendous pressure of civil war. We ourselves are witnesses that the Union emerged from the blood and fire of that conflict purified and made stronger for all beneficent purposes of good government. And now, at the close of this first century of growth, with the inspirations of its history in their hearts, our people have lately reviewed the condition of the nation, passed judgment upon the conduct and opinions of political parties, and have registered their will concerning the future administration of the Government. To interpret and to execute that will in accordance with the Constitution is the paramount duty of the Executive. Even from this brief review it is manifest that the nation is resolutely facing to the front, resolving to employ its best energies in developing the great possibilities of the future, sacredly preserving whatever has been gained to liberty and good government during the century. Our people are determined to leave behind them all those bitter controversies concerning things which have been irrevocably settled, further discussion of which can only stir up strife and delay the onward march.

The supremacy of the nation and its laws should be no longer a subject of debate. That discussion, which for half a century threatened the existence of the Union, was closed at last in the high court of war, by a decree from which there is no appeal; that the Constitution, and the laws made in pursuance thereof, shall continue to be the supreme law of the land, binding alike on the States and the people. This decree does not disturb the autonomy of the States, nor interfere with any of their necessary rules of local self-government; but it does fix and establish the permanent supremacy of the Union. The will of the nation, speaking with the voice of battle and through the amended Constitution, has fulfilled the great promise of 1776, by proclaiming: "Liberty throughout the land, to all the inhabitants thereof."

The elevation of the negro race from slavery to the full rights of citizenship is the most important political change we have known since the adoption of the Constitution of 1776. No

thoughtful man can fail to appreciate its beneficial effect upon our people. It has freed us from the perpetual danger of war and dissolution. It has added immensely to the moral and industrial forces of our people. It has liberated the master as well as the slave from a relation which wronged and enfeebled both. It has surrendered to their own guardianship the manhood of more than five million people, and has opened to each one of them a career of freedom and usefulness. It has given new inspiration to the power of self-help in both races, by making labor more honorable to the one and more necessary to the other. The influence of this force will grow greater and bear richer fruit with coming years.

No doubt the great change has caused serious disturbance to our Southern community. This is to be deplored; but those who resisted the change should remember that in our institutions there was no middle ground for the negro between slavery and equal citizenship. There can be no permanent disfranchised peasantry in the United States. Freedom can never yield its fullness of blessing so long as the law or its administration places the smallest obstacle in the pathway of any virtuous citizenship. The emancipated race has already made remarkable progress. With unquestionable devotion to the Union, with a patience and gentleness not born of fear, they have "followed the light as God gave them to see the light." They are rapidly laying the material foundations of self-support, widening the circle of intelligence, and beginning to enjoy the blessings that gather around the homes of the industrious poor. They deserve the generous encouragement of all good men. So far as my authority can lawfully extend, they shall enjoy the full and equal protection of the Constitution and laws.

The free enjoyment of equal suffrage is still in question, and a frank statement of the issue may aid its solution. It is alleged that in many communities negro citizens are practically denied the freedom of the ballot. In so far as the truth of this allegation is admitted, it is answered that in many places honest local government is impossible if a mass of uneducated negroes are allowed to vote. These are grave allegations. So far as the latter is true, it is no palliation that can be offered for opposing freedom of the ballot. Bad local government is certainly a great evil, which ought to be prevented; but to violate the freedom and sanctity of suffrage is more than an evil—it is a crime which, if persisted in, will destroy the Government itself. Suicide is not a remedy. If in other lands it be high treason to compass the death of a King, it should be counted no less a crime here to strangle our sovereign dower and stifle its voice.

It has been said that unsettled questions have no pity for the repose of nations. It should be said, with the utmost emphasis, that this question of suffrage will never give repose or safety to the States or to the nation until each, within its own jurisdiction, makes and keeps the ballot free and pure by the strong sanctions of law. But the danger which arises from ignorance in the voter can not be denied. It covers a field far wider than that of negro suffrage, and the present condition of that race. It is a danger that lurks and hides in the sources and fountain of power in any State. We have no standard by which to measure the disaster that may be brought upon us by ignorance and vice in citizens, when joined to corruption and fraud in the suffrage. The voters of the Union, who make and unmake Constitutions, and upon whose will hangs the destiny of our Governments, can transmit their supreme authority to no successor save the coming generation of voters, who are the sole heirs of sovereign power. If that generation comes to its inheritance blinded by ignorance and corrupted by vice, the fall of the Republic will be certain and remediless.

The census has already sounded the alarm in appalling figures, which mark how dangerously high the tide of illiteracy has arisen among our voters and their children. To the South the question is of supreme importance; but the responsibility for the existence of slavery does not rest upon the South alone. The nation itself is responsible for the extension of suffrage, and is under special obligations to aid in removing the illiteracy which it has added to the voting population. For North and South alike there is but one remedy: All the constitutional powers of the nation and of the States, and all the volunteer forces of the people should be summoned to meet this danger by the saving influence of universal education. It is the high privilege and the sacred duty of those now living to educate their successors, and fit them by intelligence and virtue for the inheritance which awaits them. In this beneficent work sections and races should be forgotten, and partisanship should be unknown. Let our people find a new meaning in the Divine Oracle which declares that "A little child shall lead them," for our little children will soon control the destinies of the Republic.

My countrymen, we do not now differ in our judgment concerning the controversies of the past generations, and fifty years hence our children will not be divided in their opinions concerning our controversies. They will surely bless their fathers and their fathers' God that the Union was preserved, that slavery

was overthrown, and that both races were made equal before the law. We may hasten or we may retard, but we can not prevent the final reconciliation. Is it not possible for us now to make a truce with them by anticipating and accepting its inevitable verdict? Enterprises of the highest importance to our moral and material well-being invite us, and offer ample powers. Let all our people, leaving behind them the battle fields of dead issues, move forward, and in the strength of liberty and restored Union win the grandest victories of peace.

The prosperity which now prevails is without parallel in our history. Fruitful seasons have done much to secure it, but they have not done all. The preservation of the public credit and the resumption of specie payments, so successfully obtained by the Administration of my predecessors, has enabled our people to secure the blessings which the seasons brought. By the experience of commercial Nations in all ages it has been found that gold and silver afforded the only safe foundation for a monetary system. Confusion has recently been created by variations in the relative value of the two metals; but I confidently believe that arrangements can be made between the leading commercial Nations which will secure the general use of both metals. Congress should provide that the compulsory coinage of silver, now required by law, may not disturb our monetary system by driving either metal out of circulation. If possible, such adjustment should be made that the purchasing power of every coined dollar will be exactly equal to its debt-paying power in all the markets of the world. The chief duty of the National Government in connection with the currency of the country is to coin and to declare its value.

Grave doubts have been entertained whether Congress is authorized by the Constitution to make any form of paper money legal tender. The present issue of United States notes has been sustained by the necessities of war; but such paper should depend for its value and currency upon its convenience in use and its prompt redemption in coin at the will of the holder, and not upon its compulsory circulation. These notes are not money, but promises to pay money. If the holders demand it, the promises should be kept. The refunding of the National debt at a lower rate of interest should be accomplished without compelling the withdrawal of National Bank notes, and thus disturbing the business of the country. I venture to refer to the position I have occupied on the finance question during a long service in Congress, and to say that time and experience have strengthened the opinions I have so

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often expressed on these subjects. The finances of the Government shall suffer no detriment which it may be possible for my Administration to prevent.

The interests of agriculture deserve more attention from the Government than they have yet received. The farms of the United States afford homes and employment for more than one-half of our people, and furnish much the largest part of all our exports. As the Government lights our coasts for the protection of mariners and the benefit of commerce, so it should give to the tillers of the soil the lights of practical science and experience. Our manufacturers are rapidly making us industrially independent, and are opening to capital and labor new and profitable fields of employment. This steady and healthy growth should still be maintained. Our facilities for transportation should be promoted by the continued improvement of our harbors and great waterways, and by the increase of our tonnage on the ocean.

The development of the world's commerce has led to urgent demands for shortening the great sea voyage around Cape Horn by constructing ship canals or railroads across the isthmus which unites the two continents. Various plans to this end have been suggested, and will need consideration; but none of them have been sufficiently matured to warrant the United States in extending pecuniary aid. The subject is one which will immediately engage the attention of the Government, with a view to thorough protection to American interests. We will urge no narrow policy, nor seek peculiar or exclusive privileges in any commercial route; but, in the language of my predecessors, I believe it to be "the right and duty of the United States to assert and maintain such supervision and authority over any inter-oceanic canal across the isthmus that connects North and South America as will protect our National interests."

The Constitution guarantees absolute religious freedom. Congress is prohibited from making any laws respecting the establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. The Territories of the United States are subject to the direct legislative authority of Congress, and hence the General Government is responsible for any violation of the Constitution in any of them. It is, therefore, a reproach to the Government that in the most populous of the Territories the Constitutional guarantee is not enjoyed by the people, and the authority of Congress is set at naught. The Mormon Church not only offends the moral sense of mankind by sanctioning polygamy, but prevents the administration of justice through the ordinary instrumentalities of law. In

my judgment, it is the duty of Congress, while respecting to the uttermost the conscientious convictions and religious scruples of every citizen, to prohibit within its jurisdiction all criminal practices, especially of that class which destroy the family relation and endanger social order. Nor can any ecclesiastical organization be safely permitted to usurp in the smallest degree the functions and powers of the National Government.

The Civil Service can never be placed on a satisfactory basis until it is regulated by law for the good of the service itself, for the protection of those who are intrusted with the appointing power against the waste of time and the obstruction of public business caused by the inordinate pressure for place, and for the protection of incumbents against intrigue and wrong. I shall at the proper time ask Congress to fix the tenure of minor offices of the several executive departments, and prescribe the grounds upon which removals shall be made during the terms for which incumbents have been appointed.

Finally, acting always within the authority and the limitations of the Constitution, invading neither the rights of the States nor the reserved rights of the people, it will be the purpose of my Administration to maintain authority, and in all places within its jurisdiction to enforce obedience to all laws of the Union and in the interests of the people; to demand rigid economy in all expenditures of the Government, and to require honest and faithful service of all executive officers—remembering that offices were created, not for the benefit of the incumbents or their supporters but for the service of the Government.

And now, fellow-citizens. I am about to assume the great trust which you have committed to my hands. I appeal to you for that earnest and thoughtful support which makes this Government, in fact, as it is in law, a Government of the people. I shall greatly rely upon the wisdom and patriotism of Congress, and of those who may share with me the responsibilities and duties of the Administration; and upon our efforts to promote the welfare of this great people and their Government, I reverently invoke the support and blessings of Almighty God.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION**-OF-****PRESIDENT GARFIELD.****Full Particulars of the Terrible Event.**

It was on Saturday morning, July 2, 1881, at 9:28, in the Baltimore & Potomac depot at Washington, D. C., that occurred the tragic attempt to assassinate President Garfield. It was the President's intention that morning to have started for Long Branch, where he expected to meet Mrs. Garfield and spend a season of pleasant recreation. The day opened with refreshing breezes, and it is said the President was never more happy; but alas! ere its sun had set, the whole nation and civilized world were stricken with unspeakable sadness at what was believed to be the momentary death of one of God's noblest of men, James A. Garfield.

An eye witness of the terrible tragedy says: "I was coming down Pennsylvania avenue when I saw a carriage coming up the avenue, the horses running so fast that I thought they were running away. Just as the carriage arrived in front of me a man put his head out of the window and said, 'Faster, faster, faster, damn it!' After hearing this remark I thought there was something wrong, and ran after the carriage. When it reached the depot a man jumped out and entered the ladies' room. He had not been there more than three minutes when the President arrived, stepped out of his carriage, and also entered the ladies'

room. The President, after passing through the door, was just turning the corner of a seat when the assassin, who was standing on the left of the door, fired. The ball struck the President in the back. The President fell forward. I ran into the depot, and just then the man fired again while the President was falling. The moment the President fell a policeman, who had been standing at the depot door keeping the way clear for the President and his party, grabbed the assassin by the neck, and, as he pulled him out of the depot, another policeman came to his assistance. Just after firing the shot the assassin exclaimed, 'I've killed Garfield! Arthur is President. I am a stalwart!"

The first person to reach the President after he had fallen upon the floor, was Mrs. Sarah B. White, a lady in charge of the ladies' waiting room, who saw him enter and saw the would be assassin raise his hand and fire. She raised up the head of the stricken man and he was soon placed upon a mattress and borne to an upper room of the depot building.

Gen. Garfield, as he lay upon his mattress in the upper room, is said by those who were about him to have been brave and cheerful. His first impulse was to have his wife informed, and he dictated a dispatch to Col. Rockwell, in which he informed her that he had been wounded, how seriously no one could tell; that he desired her to come immediately. He was conscious and sent his love. At the same time another dispatch was sent to Maj. Swain, Judge Advocate-General, who had charge of Mrs. Garfield, informing him of the nature of the shooting, and directed him to keep the information from Mrs. Garfield. While this was being done, the carriage of one of the Cabinet officers who was present was driven with great speed to the office of Dr. Bliss, on F street, who, with his instrument-case, was hastily driven to the depot, and was the first of

the physicians to arrive. He instantly pronounced the wound a dangerous one, but not necessarily fatal. Afterwards he said it was a wound of exceedingly severe character, and all the physicians concurred with him. Garfield manfully and cheerfully talked with his friends, among whom was Col. Robert Ingersoll, to whom he cordially extended his hand and said, "I am glad you came."

It was then found, upon examination, that both shots fired by the assassin had taken effect. The first was well aimed. It had entered the back, just above the kidney, and had perforated the liver. The second shot was fired while the President was falling, and went under the left arm, barely grazing the skin.

It was evidently Guiteau's purpose to shoot Garfield several times, for in the confession which he left sealed, he says that he shot the President several times.

The surgeons, of whom a dozen had arrived, agreed that the President should be taken to the White House as speedily as possible before his strength should fail. Gen. Sherman, who had also come, had already provided an ambulance, and Secretary of War Robert Lincoln, with remarkable sagacity, had ordered a company of troops from the arsenal to help preserve order. A large squad of mounted police had been summoned. They cleared the way for the ambulance, riding up the avenue at a furious gallop. The ambulance containing the President was driven at great speed, to avoid a possible crowd. It entered the White House grounds at the lower gate, the President reclining upon the mattress. As he was lifted out he saw, at a window, his private secretary and a number of friends who were at the White House looking out, who had already been notified by telephone from the depot, of the attempted assassination. The President, raising his head from his improvised litter, waived his hand in greet-

ing to those who were so anxiously watching his arrival. He showed, even in this supreme moment, the same tender consideration for those around him which has always characterized his private and public career. He was immediately brought into the house by the lower entrance, and carried to the room occupied by the President, in the southwest corner of the second floor; there his clothes, which were very much soiled with blood, were removed, and he was placed upon his bed. Those who saw him say that the trace of the bullet was very plainly visible in a murderous looking hole above the hip.

Preparations were immediately taken to preserve quiet and order. The large force of police cleared the White House grounds and barred the gates. A company of artillerymen arrived, and were ordered to camp in the ground, and to guard them. The gates were closed to carriages, and no persons were allowed to enter the grounds of the Executive Mansion without passes from the private secretary of the President, which were granted to every person having any reason except that of idle curiosity to be there. Every member of the Cabinet followed the President to the White House, and the ladies of the Cabinet officers performed the tender womanly offices, in the absence of the wife who was approaching the National Capital with all the speed that steam can give. Officials of all grades and prominent persons in the city assembled in the White House ante-room, some of them being even permitted to enter the President's chamber. It was thought that the wound might be probed immediately after the President had been brought back to the White House, but this was not deemed safe. There were many indications of internal hemorrhage. The temperature increased rapidly and the pulse was greatly quickened. Soon after the return from the depot there was great hope that the bullet might not prove

fatal, but when it was discovered that the physicians declined to make a search for it, and postponed any further examination until 3 p. m., it became apparent that the President was too weak to submit to the operation, and the hopes of recovery rested first in the location of the bullet and next in a strong constitution. Meanwhile everything was done to relieve the sufferer. His head was clear and he was very comfortable, complaining of nothing except of pain and twitching in his feet, which the surgeons said was not a good symptom.

Soon after he had been placed upon the bed Mr. Blaine came in. He had stopped in the ante-room long enough to write in his own hand dispatches to Minister Lowell at London, and to the principal diplomatic representatives abroad, stating that the President had been shot. "I never saw," said Postmaster-General James afterwards, "a man of such extraordinary nerve as Mr. Blaine. He stood beside the President when he was shot, and he was the only man in all that depot-building who was not almost paralyzed with terror. He stood calm and collected in the midst of that surging, panic-stricken crowd, and gave his orders as coolly as if he had been commanding a battle, and he was within a few inches of the assassin's bullet himself." "I never thought of myself at all at the time," said Mr. Blaine afterwards. "I only thought of our poor, dear President." When Blaine entered the President's chamber, the President hardly turned. Throughout the entire day he always tried to turn whenever a friend entered the room, and extended his hand to him. The Secretary of State approached the bedside of the rapidly sinking man, when the President placed his arm about him, as nearly as he could, and said: "How I love you!" It was not until then that Blaine, the strong man broke down. The eyes that had refused to fill during the intense excitement of the preceding hour were suffused with tears, and the voice was choked when the great man

stricken down embraced him and said: "How I love you!" "It was a moment" said Mr. Blaine, "that I never shall forget in all my life." The Secretary of State soon retired, for he did not wish to excite the wounded man by an exhibition of emotion.

The afternoon was spent in the White House in an agony of suspense. The entire Cabinet remained there all the time. The physicians were in constant consultation. There were some hyperdemic injections, after which it was noticed that the President vomited, a circumstance said to be explained by the fact, subsequently discoverd, that the ball had perforated his liver. For nourishment he was given champagne and ice.

The President talked all the evening as much as they would allow him to talk. Mrs. Secretary Blaine, Mrs. Attorney-General MacVeagh, Mrs. Postmaster-General James, and Mrs. Secretary of War Lincoln, were in constant attendance, and the Cabinet officers occasionally went in to see the President. To one of the ladies of the Cabinet the President said:

"What do you suppose he wanted to shoot me for?"

She answered that it was charitable to suppose he was a crazy and disappointed office-seeker.

The President said, quoting "Penzance" and cheerfully smiling, "I expect that he supposed that 'it was a glorious thing to be a pirate King.'"

The President told Col. Rockwell, soon after the shooting, that he feared that the shot was fatal, and that he was prepared for the worst. During the afternoon he referred very seldom to his condition. His greatest anxiety was to see his wife. As often as every fifteen minutes he would turn to his attendants and ask how soon they expected her to arrive. Bulletins from the rapidly-approaching train were received at least every half hour. The tracks had

been cleared, and the operators at every station along the road had been instructed to telegraph directly to the White House operator at Washington the progress of the train. When it was learned that Mrs. Garfield could not, at best, arrive before 7 o'clock, and to do that it would be necessary to cover the distance between there and Philadelphia in three hours, the President was disappointed. The moments seemed to hang heavily with him after 5 o'clock p. m., as at that hour, he had learned definitely that the physicians did not think that he had much chance to recover. The President, at his own earnest request, was informed of this fact by Dr. Bliss. The President said:

"I am not afraid to die. I want to know what you think of my condition. Tell me the worst."

The doctor replied that his condition was very serious, but he had some chances of life, but that he would do well to prepare for the worst.

One of the ladies of the Cabinet afterwards cheerfully said to the President, "We expect to pull you through, Mr. President."

Gen. Garfield answered, "And I am going to try to help you pull me through." He never lost his spirits, not even when the doctor informed him that he, perhaps, had not many hours to live. He said: "Then God's will be done; I am content;" but from the moment that he learned that he might not live, his thoughts turned more anxiously to the arrival of his wife.

During the afternoon the Cabinet officers seriously discussed the situation. It was noticeable that their thoughts were turned chiefly to the sufferer, and very little to the political results which might follow from the death of the President.

Mr. Kirkwood sat silently much of the time, smoking in the ante-room. He was very calm and sad. Secretary

Blaine did not leave the room except to take a lunch, and he conversed freely about the occurrence, and paid an eloquent tribute to the great qualities of his chief. He was very calm. His greatest regret seemed to be for the family of the President and for the country. Postmaster-General James was especially effected. He was frequently heard to say, "God save the poor country!"

Robert Lincoln, painfully reminded of the tragic death of his own father, in the same position, said, in the Cabinet Council chamber, while sitting beneath that statue of his father which looked down upon him, to a colleague in the Cabinet and some friends: "It is a curious fact that the President has lately talked a great deal about my father. At a dinner the other day, to which a number of us were invited, his conversation was full of story-telling. He narrated, among other things, his experiences at the time of the assassination in New York, and said he strolled out of his room and almost unconsciously attended the meeting which was called in Wall street, and made that remarkable speech which had such an effect in quieting the mob."

Mrs. Garfield's meeting with her husband on her arrival from Long Branch, is described as an effecting scene.

Attorney-General MacVeagh and Mrs. James went to the door to meet her as the carriage drove up at the south entrance.

"How is he?" she said, as she placed her hands in those of Mrs. James.

"We think he is greatly improved," said the Attorney-General.

Mrs. Garfield walked quickly up the stairs along which her husband had been borne, faint and bleeding, and she was directed to the room where he was lying. The door was thrown open and she entered. The President opened his eyes and saw who it was. Mrs. Garfield knelt by the

side of the bed and threw her arms around him. "It is all right now," she exclaimed, "I am here."

The President murmured an almost inaudible expression of love and returned her embrace as best he could. The single witness of the meeting was moved to tears, but Mrs. Garfield's bearing was such as to inspire confidence in those around her. She refused to entertain the idea that her husband might die.

"How does she bear it?" asked the President to Mrs. James when Mrs. Garfield had left the room.

"Nobly. She is full of courage," was Mrs. James' reply.

"Thank God for that," said the President, "I would rather die than be the cause of bringing on a relapse of her illness."

At this time the President was at the most critical state since the shooting. The physicians had abandoned all hope of his living more than two or three hours at the most. The pulse was mounting higher and higher. There were signs of internal hemorrhage and the temperature of the body constantly increasing. The members of the Cabinet were sending dispatches to different points announcing the speedy dissolution of the President. Within the short space of half an hour, however, nature asserted herself, and the work of improvement began.

Col. Rockwell's Story of the Attempted Assassination.

Col. A. F. Rockwell, the Private Secretary of Gen. Garfield and intimate friend of the President, gives the following account of the attempted assassination:

"The boys, James and Harry (sons of the President), started off in the President's carriage to pick up Dr. Hawks, their tutor, who was stopping on F street. The President had arranged the night before for Secretary

Blaine to call at the mansion to go to the depot with him. The Secretary came round in his own carriage. Mine was in reserve and followed just behind the Secretary's. I had several pieces of baggage to dispose of, and so drove directly to the baggage-room, and was getting the checks, when I heard a crack, crack, with an interval between the shots as long as it would take to cock a pistol. On the sill of the door leading from the ladies' parlor into the general reception room, or main hall, stood Secretary Blaine, calling for me and pointing to the would-be assassin, Guiteau. It was a terrible thought, but nevertheless one which flashed across my mind that the President had been shot. Quickly I had the President's carriage brought to the main door, the cushions arranged to make the President as comfortable as possible, and was prepared to take him directly to the mansion. The physicians advised against it and for the best. After I had written from his dictation a touching telegram to his wife, and a hasty examination had been made up stairs, he was removed to the ambulance. The President put his hand in mine and the driver was cautioned to proceed slowly over the cobble-stone pavement until we reached the concrete at Seventh street. We had traveled but two squares from the depot when he asked, 'How far are we now?' and in a subdued voice said: 'It hurts, oh! it hurts.' At Thirteenth street he again asked:

"Where are we now?" I told him and he urged us to go a little faster.

"It is impossible to describe Mrs. Garfield, the heroic wife and mother. She, too, realizes the restraint which the medical advisers have been compelled to put upon her visits to the President's bedside. The sympathy between them, the union of their hearts, impels the President to want to exert himself, and then we have to protest, and the good woman retires."

"It is true, that on the morning before the deed, the President turned a handspring over his bed!"

"It was the morning before, this day week, Jimmie, there the fellow sits," pointing to Private Secretary Brown's desk, "came into his father's chamber half-dressed, and in his nimble way turned a handspring over the bed and back again." "See here, papa," he said, "if you were not so stout, you might do that, too, couldn't you? The President kept on with his toilet, until Jim's bantering somewhat nettled him, and, before the boy could realize it, the President had turned gracefully from one side of a large double bed to the other, and came down with a thump on the floor. "There, my boy, the son is not greater than his father; now finish your dressing." "I suppose," continued the Colonel, "the story was told to illustrate the strength and suppleness of the President at his age of life. Very few men of 50 years (for the President will be that old on the 9th day of November next) would care to undertake such a feat. But the story has a thrilling secret. You know, the ladies' room, where the shots were fired, is about twenty feet wide—that is, from the door-sill to the opposite hall. The aisle-way leading to the main hall is formed by a double row of seats, heavily cushioned and of large framework.

When the President entered the depot with Secretary Blaine, he was in his cheeriest mood. He passed half way down the aisle, Blaine preceding him a very few steps. Guiteau stood at the inside end of the row of seats near the main entrance on the left, when he fired the first shot, which did the President no harm, for he turned to see from whence the sound came, and saw Guiteau advancing. He was preparing to leap over the seat, that is, he realized when he turned partially around that the man had fired at him. He instantly determined to attack the man. The

next instant the President would have been face to face with Guiteau. His confidence in his ability to spring over the barrier, for the back of the seats is about four feet high, flashed upon him, and his whole muscular strength was strained for the act when he fell forward struck by the second shot. Guiteau was behind him. The instant he pulled the trigger the first time he stepped forward four feet. It was but the very fraction of a second between the explosion and the President's alarm. The fraction was on the side of the would-be assassin.

His purpose was also to fire a second shot, and he stepped quickly forward to get as near the President as possible. They were not six feet apart, so that the instant the President realized the situation his intense activity of mind and muscle made him aggressive, and it was at that instant he received the staggering bullet and fell forward against the wainscoting of the reception-room, at the head of the aisle leading to the main hall. Till now the impression seems to have gained a hold that Guiteau's act was done so quickly that the President did not comprehend what was going on. It is true, as I told you a while ago, that the reports of the firing were so close together that it could not have been longer than it would take to cock a pistol, yet during this time Guiteau was advancing and the President preparing to advance upon his assailant.

Anyone who will take his watch and carefully observe the beats of the second-hand, will be surprised at the distance one can get over in a second if impelled by a strong motive. The position in which Guiteau stood made it necessary for him to shoot at nearly an angle of 40 degrees while the position of the body of the President was also at about the same angle with the seats when the ball struck his right side. With this understanding of the position of the two, it is evident that the ball met with great resistance

and was deflected. Its natural course would have been through the body, passing out over the pelvis, so it is a reasonable theory that, upon entering the interior of the body, its force had been exhausted, and the internal injury is less than it was at first supposed. All of which gladdens us with increased hope and conviction that his recovery is now only a question of time."

Assassination Record of Rulers for the Last Thirty Years.

The following is a list of attempts upon the lives of rulers since 1848:

1848—Nov. 26—The life of the Duke of Modena was attempted.

1849—June 21—The Crown Prince of Prussia was attacked at Minden.

1850—June 28—Robert Pate, an ex-Lieutenant in the army, attempted to assassinate Queen Victoria.

1851—May 22—Sefeloque, a workman, shot at Frederick William IV., King of Prussia, and broke his arm.

1852—Sept. 24—An infernal machine was found at Marseilles, with which it had been intended to destroy Napoleon III.

1853—Feb. 18—The Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria was grievously wounded in the head while walking on the ramparts at Vienna, by a Hungarian tailor named Libzens.

1853—April 16—An attempt on the life of Victor Emmanuel was reported to the Italian Chamber.

1853—July 5—An attempt was made to kill Napoleon III. as he was entering the Opera Comique.

1854—March 20—Ferdinand Charles III., Duke of Parma, was killed by an unknown man, who stabbed him in the abdomen.

1855—April 28—Napoleon III. was fired at in the

Champs Elysees by Giovanni Pianeri.

1856—April 28—Raymond Fuentes was arrested in the act of firing on Isabella, Queen of Spain.

1856—Dec. 8—Agesilas Milano, a soldier, stabbed Ferdinand III. of Naples with his bayonet.

1857—Aug. 7—Napoleon III. again. Barcoletti, Gibaldi, and Grillo were sentenced to death for coming from London to assassinate him.

1858—Jan. 14—Napoleon III. for the fifth time. Orsini and his associates threw fulminating bombs at him as he was on his way to the opera.

1861—July 14—King William of Prussia was for the first time shot at, by Oscar Becker, a student of Baden-Baden. Becker fired twice at him, but missed him.

1861—Dec. 18—A student named Dossios fired a pistol at queen Amalia of Greece (Princess of Oldenburg) at Athens.

1863—Dec. 24.—Four more conspirators from London against the life of Napoleon III. were arrested at Paris.

1865—April 14—President Lincoln was shot by J. Wilkes Booth.

1866—April 6—A Russian named Kavarasoff attempted Czar Alexander's life at St. Petersburg. He was foiled by a peasant, who was ennobled for the deed.

1867—The Czar's life was again attempted during the great Exposition, at a review in the Bois de Boulogne, at Paris.

1867—June 19—Maximilian shot.

1868—June 10—Prince Michael of Servia was killed by the brothers Radwarowitch.

1871—The life of Amadeus, then newly king of Spain, was attempted.

1872—August—Col. Gutierrez assassinated President Balla, of the Republic of Peru.

1873—Jan. 1—President Morales, of Bolivia, was assassinated.

1875—August—President Garcia Maeno, of Ecuador, was assassinated.

1877—June—President Gill, of Paraguay, was assassinated by Commander Molas.

1878—May 11—The Emperor William, of Germany, was shot at again, this time by Emile Henri Max Hoedel, alias Lehmann, the Socialist. Lehman fired three shots at the Emperor, who was returning from a drive with the Grand Duchess of Baden, but missed him.

1878—June 2—Emperor William shot at by Dr. Nobiling, while out riding. He received about thirty small shots in the neck and face.

1878—April 14—Attempted assassination of the Czar at St. Petersburg, by one Solojew. He was executed May 9.

1870—Dec. 1—The assassination of the Czar attempted by a mine under a train near Moscow.

1879—Dec. 30—The King of Spain was shot at while driving with the Queen.

1880—Feb. 17—Attempt to kill the Royal family of Russia by blowing up the Winter Palace. Eight soldiers killed and forty-five wounded.

1881—March 14—The Czar killed by a bomb.

1881—July 2—President Garfield shot by C. J. Guiteau, an eccentric lawyer of doubtful sanity, who is said to have been born at Freeport, Ill., and who was licensed at the bar in Chicago.

ASSASSINATION OF P R E S I D E N T L I N C O L N .

The attempted assassination of Gen. Garfield naturally recalls the assassination of President Lincoln, and will go down to posterity allied to that terrible event. The particulars of that dreadful tragedy are as follows:

It was on the evening of Friday, April 14, 1865, that President and Mrs. Lincoln, with Miss Mary Harris and Maj. Rathbun, of Albany, son-in-law of Senator Harris, visited Ford's Theatre, at Washington, for the purpose of witnessing "The American Cousin," which was running at the theatre. The fact that this distinguished party was to be present at the performance had been duly announced in all the local papers, and the theatre was densely crowded. The Presidential party occupied a box on the second tier. The scene was a brilliant one, and all went merry with the audience and actors alike until the close of the third act, when the sharp report of a pistol was heard, and an instant afterward a man was seen to spring from the President's box to the stage, where, striking a tragic attitude and brandishing a long dagger in his right hand, he cried out, "Sic semper tyrannis!" and then, amid the bewilderment of the audience, rushed through the opposite side of the stage and made his escape from the rear of the theatre. The screams of Mrs. Lincoln told the audience but too plainly that the President had been shot. All present rose to their feet, and the excitement was of the wildest possible description. A rush was made to the President's box, where, on a hasty examination being made, it was found he was shot through the head. The President was quickly removed to a private house opposite the theatre, where, on further examination, his wound was pronounced to be mortal. This tragic occurrence, of course, immediately put a stop to the performance, and the theatre was closed as quickly as possible. The assassin, in his hurried flight, dropped his hat and a spur on the stage. The hat was identified as belonging to J. Wilkes Booth, a prominent actor, and the spur was recognized as one obtained by him at a stable on that day. One or two of the actors and members of the orchestra declared

that the assassin was no other than Wilkes Booth, and the evidence almost momentarily accumulating fixed him beyond doubt as the author of the bloody tragedy. Almost before the audience had left the theatre it was known that the assassin, after he got out, made his escape on horseback.

SECRETARY SEWARD'S ESCAPE.

The news of the hideous tragedy spread like wild-fire, and the greatest excitement prevailed throughout the city, dense throngs of people congregating in the locality of the house where President Lincoln was lying. While the general excitement was at its height, it became known that an attempt had been made to assassinate Mr. Seward, Secretary of State. At about 10 o'clock a man called at the Secretary's house, stating that he had been sent by the family physician with a prescription for the Secretary, who was sick, at the same time stating that he must see him personally, as he was instructed to give particular directions concerning the medicine. He pushed his way past the servant, who had told him Secretary Seward could not be seen, and rushed up stairs to Mr. Seward's room, where he was met by the Secretary's son, Mr. Fred. Seward, who said he would take charge of the medicine. The man dealt him a heavy blow, and rushing past him into Secretary Seward's room, sprang upon the Secretary as he lay in bed and stabbed him several times in the neck and breast. Maj. Seward, another of the Secretary's sons, rushed to his father's assistance, and got badly cut in a tussle with the ruffian, who after a hard struggle managed to escape from the house, and mounting the horse he had left at the door, galloped off, shouting out, "*Sic semper tyrannis.*" Surgeon General Barnes was immediately sent for, and pronounced the Secretary's and Maj. Seward's wounds not fatal, but the injuries which the desperado had inflicted on Frederick Seward and the servant of the house were considered more serious. When it was known that Secretary Seward was not dangerously wounded, the general anxiety was centered on President Lincoln, and while the scene in the streets was one of the wildest excitement and confusion, within the chamber where President Lincoln was lying all was sadness and stillness. Several members of the cabinet had hastened to his side. Medical and surgical aid were obtained, and everything was done to relieve the suffering President. It was soon ascertained, however, that it was impossible for him to survive, the only question being how long he would linger. All through the weary hours of the night and early morning the President lay unconscious, as he had been ever since

his assassination. He was watched by several faithful friends, in addition to near relatives. At his bedside were the Secretary of War, Secretary of the Navy, Secretary of the Interior, Postmaster General, and the Attorney General, Senator Sumner, Gen. Farnsworth, Gen. Todd, cousin of Mrs. Lincoln; Maj. Hay, M. B. Field, Gen. Halleck, Maj. Gen. Meigs, the Rev. Dr. Gurley, Gen. Oglesby, of Illinois, and Drs. E. N. Abbott, R. K. Stone, C. D. Hatch, Neal, Hall, and Lieberman.

MRS. LINCOLN'S GRIEF.

In the adjoining room were Mrs. Lincoln, her son, Capt. Robert Lincoln, Miss Harris, Rufus S. Andrews, and two lady freinds of Mrs. Lincoln. Mrs. Lincoln was under great excitement and agony, exclaiming again and again: "Why did he not shoot me instead of my husband?" She was constantly going back and forth to the bedside of the President, crying out in the greatest agony: "How can it be so?" The scene was heartrending in the extreme, and all were greatly overcome. Mrs. Lincoln took her leave of her husband about twenty minutes before his death. When she was told he had breathed his last she exclaimed: "Oh! Why did you not tell me he was dying?" The surgeons and members of the Cabinet, Senator Sumner, Capt. Robert Lincoln, Gen. Todd, Mr. Field, and Mr. Andrews were standing at his bedside when he died. The surgeons were sitting on the foot of the bed, holding the President's hands and with watches observing the slow declension of the pulse, and such was the stillness for some minutes that the ticking of the watches could be heard in the room. At twenty-two minutes past 7 a. m. on April 15. the looked for but dreaded end came, and as he drew his last breath the Rev. Dr. Gurley offered up a prayer for the deceased's heart-broken family and the mourning country. The President died without a struggle, passing silently and calmly away, having been in a state of utter unconsciousness from the time he was shot till his death. All present in the silent death chamber felt the awful solemnity of the occasion, and the scene was heartrending and touching. Mrs. Lincoln, shortly after her husband's death, was driven, with her son Robert, to the White House, where, but the evening before, she left for the last time with her honored husband, who was never again to enter that home alive.

Long before the President expired the authorities were perfectly satisfied as to who committed the terrible deeds, and the city and military authorities commenced the investigation, and while the Cabinet and other ministers were watching over the

President every effort was made to capture the murderers. Couriers mounted on fleet horses rushed to and fro, and the sound of the hoofs of horses was heard in all directions. The city and military authorities worked with energy and vigilance, and the tidings at last came that one of the horses had been captured, nearly exhausted, at the outskirts of the city, and that its bridle was covered with blood. The animal was identified as the horse ridden by the assassin from Seward's residence. This gave a good deal of hope that the author of the horrible crime might be captured.

THE EFFECT OF THE PRESIDENT'S DEATH.

The news of the President's death fell like a pall over the city, and before long every house was draped in mourning. It seemed that all were engaged in the sad tribute to the departed. The Department buildings were tastefully draped, the War Department being literally covered. The pillars and the entire front were richly festooned with black. The hotels, private residences, and places of business were also appropriately dressed. In short, a mantle of gloom was thrown over the entire National Capital. Flags from the Departments and throughout the city floated at half-mast, and nearly all private and public business was suspended. The grief felt was widespread, and the deepest gloom and sadness prevailed on all sides. The President's corpse was removed to the White House before noon, and a dense crowd accompanied the remains. After an autopsy had been made on the corpse it was embalmed and placed in a handsome mahogany coffin, on which was a silver plate bearing the inscription:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
Sixteenth President of the United States.
Born February 12, 1809.
Died April 15, 1865.

In the evening City Councils, clergy, and others held meetings to officially express regret at the President's death. Although nothing was talked of during the day but the atrocious assassination and attempted assassination made by Secession sympathizers and desperadoes, there was no disturbance of any kind, and by night time the streets were quiet and the excitement gradually subsiding. In the meantime every effort was being made to capture the assassins. Every road leading out of Washington was strongly picketed, and every avenue of escape thoroughly

guarded, and steamboats about to start down the Potomac were stopped. A rumor prevailed that Wilkes Booth had been captured, and this helped to keep the indignation of the people as fierce as ever, and to keep up the excitement, though the rumor turned out to be without foundation.

THE NORTH IN MOURNING.

Sunday, the 16th, was a solemn and mournful day in Washington, as also in every city in the States. The churches were crowded, and not a sermon was preached but the tragic occurrence was touchingly alluded to. During the day it was learned that all members of the Seward family were recovering from their injuries, and general satisfaction was expressed that Secretary Seward had not fallen a victim to the assassin's blow. The interior of the White House all day presented a scene of overwhelming sadness. The body of the Chief Magistrate of the Nation was temporarily laid out in one of the upper rooms of the house. The body was dressed in the suit of plain black worn by him on the occasion of his last inauguration, while on his pillow and over the breast were scattered affectionate offerings in the shape of white flowers and green leaves. During the evening it was made known that the funeral services would take place Wednesday, the 19th, and that the President's body would be interred at Springfield, Ill. On Monday the person who assaulted Secretary Seward was arrested as he was about to enter the house of Mrs. Surratt in the little village of Uniontown. An intense excitement prevailed when it was learned that detectives were on Booth's tracks. Several persons supposed to be concerned in these murderous outrages were placed under arrest. On Monday the body of the murdered President lay in state in the coffin, which was placed on a grand catafalque erected in the East Room of the White House. The room was heavily draped in mourning and a guard of honor surrounded the coffin. The populace by thousands gathered at the White House and there viewed the body. The trains during the night and morning brought hundreds of distinguished visitors to the city from all portions of the North. All the streets leading to the White House were thronged with people from early morn till late at night wending their way to the spot where rested the sarcophagus in which was confined the cold and motionless form of him who but a few days since had hold of the helm of the ship of State. The universality of the mourning was remarkable. Old and young, rich and poor, all sexes, grades and colors, united in paying their homage to the great and illustrious dead, and one

of the most touching sights was that of the wounded soldiers from the hospitals, who came to have a long, last look at the face of the late President and honored Commander-in-Chief.

THE FUNERAL SERVICES.

On Wednesday morning a funeral service was held at the White House, at which were present a large number of clergymen representing various sections of the country. The heads of Bureaus, the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, the Governors, Assistant Secretaries, Congressmen, officers of the Supreme Court, the Diplomatic Corps, the Judges of the local Courts, the pall-bearers, ladies of the Government officials, the chief mourners, President Johnson and Cabinet, the members of the family, and the ushers. The whole scene presented in the room was one of solemnity, and a single feeling appeared manifest among all, and that was grief. The services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Hall, of the Episcopal Church, in the city, and the funeral oration was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Gurley, pastor of the Presbyterian Church in the city, which Mr. Lincoln and his family were in the habit of attending. At the close of these services the funeral cortege started for the Capital. Every window, housetop, balcony, and every inch of sidewalk on either side was densely crowded with a living throng to witness the procession. The beat of the funeral drum sounded upon the street, and the cortege marched with solemn tread and arms reversed. The procession consisted of a large military escort, including a body of dismounted officers of the army and navy and marine corps. Following these came the civic authorities, and after them the funeral car, drawn by six gray horses. A long line of sad and weeping relatives of the deceased followed in carriages. Next came President Johnson, accompanied by Mr. Preston King, of New York, with a strong cavalry guard on either side. The rest of the procession consisted of the Cabinet and diplomatic corps, Judges of the Supreme Court, and clerks of the Departments, and was closed by 1,500 well-dressed negroes of various organizations. The procession was one hour and a half passing a given point; it contained 18,000 persons, and was witnessed by "at least 150,000 people. After the body had been placed in the Capitol, the Rev. Dr. Gurley read the burial service, at the close of which the outside procession slowly dispersed. The body of the late President lay in state in the Capitol all that day and through the night, attended by a guard of honor and viewed by an immense number of citizens.

